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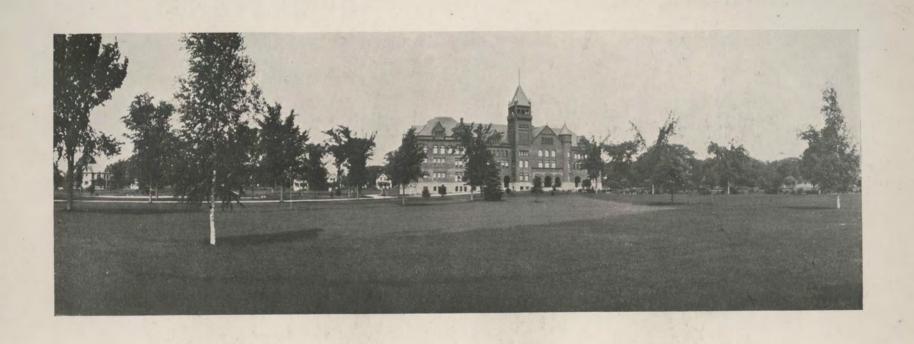


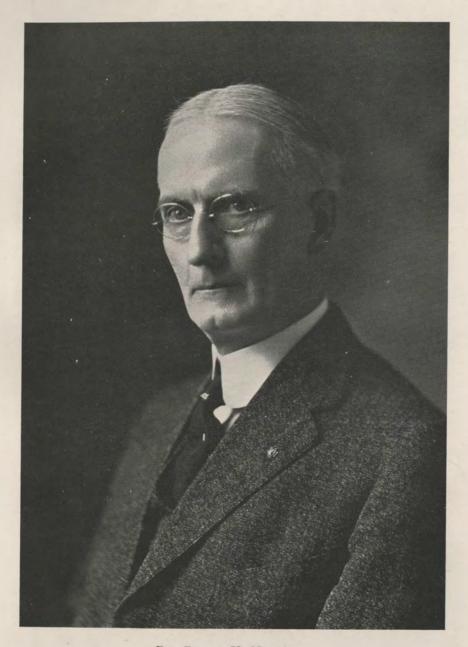
1922



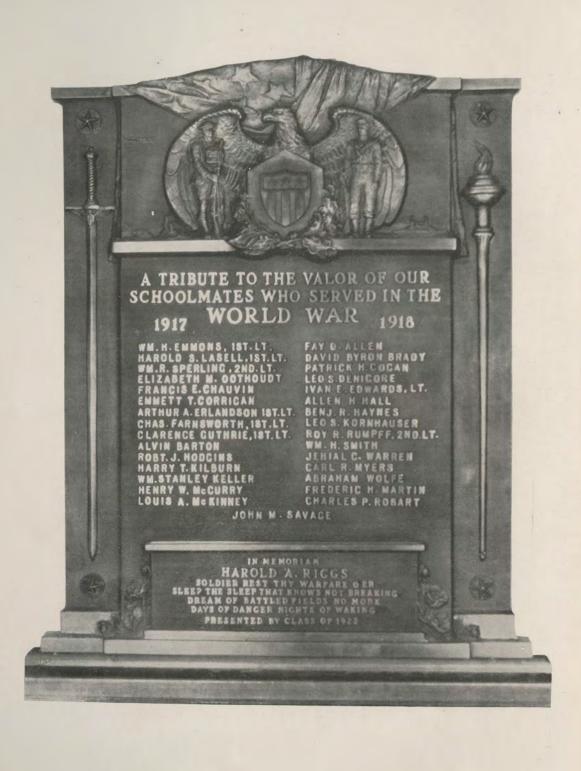
The Cardinal

STATE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
PLATTSBURGH, NEW YORK





Dr. George K. Hawkins

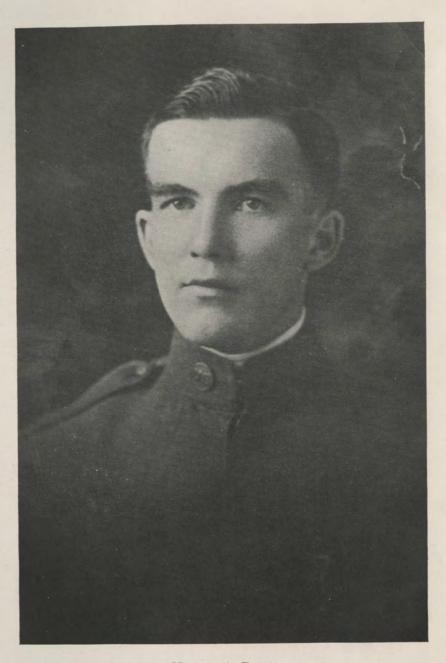


Dedication

In memory of him, who placed his life in the hands of his country for the vidication of right and righteousness throughout the world, and made the supreme sacrifice, the Senior class gratefully dedicate this volume.

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Sweet be your rest! Your task is done. The tramp of armies, boom of gun, The furious cry of savage Hun Are silent now. The victory's won.



HAROLD A. RIGGS

Harold A. Riggs

Harold A. Riggs was born in Rochester, New York, February 20, 1890, the son of Arthur Riggs and Mabel Northrup Riggs. His boyhood was spent in the city of his birth. He attended the Turin High School and was graduated from that institution. Eager to fit himself for an educational career, he entered the State Normal School at Plattsburgh and graduated with distinction in 1913, being the president of his class. Then his teaching profession took him to the Utica Free Academy where he met with great success as a teacher. His work evoked the highest commendation and won for him the friendship and esteem of his pupils and the regard of his fellow teachers. In 1917 he resigned to accept a position in the Troy High School, which offered him an excellent opportunity to advance in his chosen profession and to enlarge the scope of his service. He was filled with the spirit and energy of youth, with a good nature and cheer that was infectious and he possessed a personality that invited the confidence of those who knew him. His success as a teacher was due quite as much to the traits of his character as to his ability to impart knowledge efficiently to others. The outlook he took upon life was always bright and his temperment was always sanguine. He was a member of the South Street M. E. Church of Utica, The Spanish Sons of Veterans and the Alumni Association of our school.

Harold Riggs was at the zenith of his young manhood, finely equipped for his life's work when he answered the call of his country and enlisted in the Base Hospital Unit No. 48. Completing his training in this country he sailed with his unit on July 4, 1918. As a member of this particular unit he saw some of the bitterest fighting of the whole war.

On February 11, 1919 while his unit was preparing to sail for home and loved ones he was stricken with pneumonia and died within a few days. "But his death was not in vain, that for which he fought had been attained, the victory had been won."

Riggs will ever live in our hearts as a man of high ideals and earnest devotion to his duty. The muffled drums' sad roll has beat this soldier's last tattoo. No more on life's parade shall we meet this brave and fallen man. Nor, "shall his glory be forgotten while fame her record keeps, or honor points to the hallowed spot where valor proudly sleeps."

He gave the most that man can give, life itself, and "Greater love hath no man than this."

Foreword

We, the staff of 1922, humbly submit the ninth annual issue of the CARDINAL for your approval.

If, in this publication, you find something of amusement or pleasure, then be pleased. If, perchance, you find something not so amusing, pass it by. It has been our motto, to be "Charitable." With the inspired writer we agree, "A habit of looking for the best in everybody, and of saying kindly instead of unkindly things about them, strengthens the character, elevates ideals, and tends to produce happiness."

Let us hope that this CARDINAL will be to you a worthy reminder of the Class of '22.

THE STAFF.



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Marion Rooney	stant Joke Editor
Marion Wright	Athletic Editor
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Kathleen L. Graves	Art Editor



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Critic and Model Teacher, Second Grade.

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IRENE P. BERG,

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Utica Free Academy; Oneonta Normal School; Utica Conservatory of Music; Special Courses at Columbia and Chautauqua.

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Critic and Model Teacher, Fifth Grade.

Albany Normal College; Post-Graduate Course in Teachers' College.

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Critic and Model Teacher, Sixth Grade.

Plattsburgh High School; Plattsburgh Normal School.

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Cooperstown High School and Training Class; Albany Normal College, Pd. B.

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Plattsburgh Normal School; Wellesley College, A. B.

ELIZABETH RINGWOOD HAWKINS, A. B.,

Principal's Secretary.

Plattsburgh State Normal High School; State Normal School; Vassar College, A. B.



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?



Senior Class Officers

RAYMOND FRAZIERPresident
Marguerite Pattno
Anne L. NewmanSecretary
HAROLD F. ELLIS

Class Flower .
BLACK-EYED SUSAN

Class Colors
Brown and Gold

Class Motto

ONE AMONG MANY, BUT SECOND TO NONE

Class Yell

Seniors! Seniors
Each one true,
Now and forever, to
Nineteen twenty-two.
When we're gone,
Then I guess,
You'll miss the
S-E-N-I-O-R-S.

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To Our Parents

Ah Parents dear, when oft we think of you, we somehow think of childhood days and of home. A noble association, an inspiring thought. Truly do we agree with Henry Ward Beecher, "That home should be an oratorio of the memory, singing to all our after life melodies and harmonies of old remembered joy."

With the same letter Home and Heaven begin, And the words dwell together in the mind; For they who would a Home in Heaven win, Must first a Heaven in Home begin to find.

Senior Class Poem

The end has come, and we are loath to go; It is forever that we leave your halls. We've toiled, Old School, beneath your learned roof, And given of our best within these walls. Our thirst you quenched with knowledge pure and deep; The thorns you took away; our path was smooth. One little hour, Old School, and we are gone, Our troubled hearts you ne'er again will soothe. You've shown us lofty places to be won; You've taught us loyalty and given us the truth, Steadfast and constant as the Northern Star. We'll not forget, when gone the dreams of youth. We'll cherish in our hearts your memory sweet, And pray for you as for our dearest friend. We're going from your friendly doors, Old School, A last good-bye, Dear School, it is the end.

E. J.



"Little Hazel"

HAZEL C. ASHLINE,

Rouses Point.

"Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls to the flowers and be their sun."

Rouses Point High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Julia"

JULIA E. BEEDE,

Keene Valley.

"Far may we search before we find, A heart so gentle or so kind."

Keene Valley High School.



"Nina"

NINA BENWAY,

Ausable Forks.

"She doeth little kindnesses Which most leave undone or despise."

Ausable Forks High School.

 $AK\Phi$



"Lena"

LENA BRADLEY,

Felts Mills.

"Sweet and simple, but always the same."

Black River High School.

 $AK\Phi$

Page eighteen

"Rae"

RAE L. BRAW,

Newburgh.

"Earthly treasures have I heaped up high But what can they profit bye and bye?"

Newburgh Academy.

Delta Clionian, Glee Club.



"Kate"

KATHERINE H. BURGEVIN,

Port Chester.

"The weapon that no enemy can parry Is a bold and cheerful spirit."

Port Chester High School.

Delta Clionian, Glee Club.



"Fran"

FRANCES L. BYRNES,

Plattsburgh.

"To see her is to love her And love but her forever."

D'Youville Academy.

Delta Clionian, Clionian Grand Vice-President, Glee Club.



"Lily"

LILY L. CARLIN,

Jamestown.

"She does not worry, She does not fret, But when she's through We're working yet!"

Jamestown High School.

Delta Clionian, Clionian History, Glee Club, Honor Student.

Page nineteen





"Chasie"

ALICE D. CHASE,

Richford, Vt.

"Here is the praise that comes to few: Ever in earnest and all true blue."

Richford High School

Delta Clionian, Glee Club.



"Mab"

MABEL E. CLODJO,

Essex.

"True greatness is sovereign wisdom."

Salutatorian.

Essex High School.



"Ida

IDA L. COATES,

Rockdale.

"Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule."

Sidney High School.

АКФ



"Connie"

MARGARET CONNERS,

Plattsburgh.

"Thou canst not see a shade in life."

Plattsburgh High School.

 $AK\Phi$

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"Flora"

FLORA G. CONWAY,

Plattsburgh.

"You do and say
The nicest things in the nicest way."

Plattsburgh High School.

АКФ, Glee Club.



"Helen"

HELEN M. COOLIDGE,

Ellenburgh Center.

"A gentle girl of good conscience."

Ellenburgh Depot High School.



"Helen"

HELEN F. CROLL,

Dolgeville.

"To be polite and dignified
Is my endeavor and my pride."

Dolgeville High School.

Delta Clionian, Glee Club.



"Stell"

STELLA F. CROWLEY,

Plattsburgh.

"Cloudless is her serene brow."

Mooers High School.



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BERTHA DAVIDSON,

Mooers.

"Unconscious as the sunshine, singly sweet."

Mooers High School.

 $\Lambda K\Phi$



"Anna"

ANNA V. DAWSON,

Mineville.

"Will you attend me while I sing A song of love—a pretty thing?"

Mineville High School.

АКФ, Glee Club, Athletic Council, Honor Student.



"Lil"

LILLIAN F. DEFOE,

Peru.

"A maid she seems of cheerful yesterdays And confident tomorrows."

Peru High School.



"Delaney"

HELEN L. DELANEY,

Plattsburgh.

"A likely lass, a fine lass, a gay good-humored, clever lass."

Plattsburgh High School.

 $AK\Phi$

Page twenty-two

"Dulce"

DULICE B. DEUEL,

Amsterdam.

"Her knowledge hid from public gaze She does not bring to view, Or make a pursuit after praise As many people do."

Amsterdam High School.

Delta Clionian, Honor Student,



"B"

BEATRICE M. DONAHUE.

Indian Lake.

"From her own gracious nature she bestows Nor stoops to ask reward."

Indian Lake High School.



"Katie"

CATHERINE V. EDERER,

East Nassau.

"The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill."

Chatham High School.

Delta Clionian, Ivy Oration.



"Bert"

BERTHA C. ELLIOT,

Richford, Vt.

"Her pleasure is her power to charm, and her charm to all a pleasure.

Richford High School.

Delta Clionian, Glee Club.

Page twenty-three





"Harold"

HAROLD F. ELLIS,

Ellisburgh.

"Mindful not of himself, but bearing the burdens of others; always thoughtful and kind and untroubled."

Union Academy, Belleville.

Treasurer of Class, Business Manager of Cardinal.



"Bob"

BEULAH M. EMERY,

Norwood.

"Beulah is quiet and demure, But she's got a lot in her We're all quite sure."

Norwood High School.

Delta Clionian, Glee Club, Athletic Council.



"Izzie"

ISABEL T. EVEREST,

Peru.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

Plattsburgh High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Fitz"

FRANCIS FITZPATRICK,

Plattsburgh.

"Great things are made of little things."

D'Youville Academy.

 $AK\Phi$

Page twenty-four

"Gert"

GERTRUDE M. FRAZIER,

Plattsburgh.

"When good looks and a good personality walk hand in hand."

Plattsburgh High School.

АКФ, Class History, Agonian Delegate.



"Ray"

RAYMOND S. FRAZIER,

Plattsburgh.

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood there is no such word as fail."

Plattsburgh High School.

President of Senior Class, Basketball.



"Hazel"

HAZEL GARRANT,

Plattsburgh.

"When the mind is free the body is delicate."

Plattsburgh High School.



"Mil"

MILDRED A. GORDON,

Harkness.

"A light, happy heart lives long."

Keeseville High School. Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Delta Clionian, Valedictorian.

Page twenty-five





"Gravesie"

KATHLEEN L. GRAVES,

Plattsburgh.

"Genius can never despise labor."

Plattsburgh High School.

АКФ, Art Editor of Cardinal.



"Nellie"

HELEN M. HALPIN,

Mellenville.

"They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts."

Philmont High School.



"Нарру"

GLADYS M. HERWERTH,

Plattsburgh.

"Be not elated by fortune, Be not depressed by adversity."

Plattsburgh High School.



"Betty"

ELIZABETH JENKINS,

Glens Falls.

"If you don't get it done Well, don't miss the fun, You can do it some day; Now you're feeling like play."

Glens Falls High School.

АКФ, Class Poem.

Page twenty-six

"Brownie"

MARY JUSTIN,

Plattsburgh.

"So light a foot! So light a spirit!"

Sargent School, Cambridge, Mass.

Honor Student.



"Tessie"

THERESA H. KEENAN,

Peru.

"She is so conscientious And yet so very gay, And we wonder just What makes her smile In that fascinating way."

 $AK\Phi$

Peru High School.



FRANCIS A. LABOMBARD,

Plattsburgh.

"A youth so honest and bound to do right, A friend so staunch, strong in his might."

Plattsburgh High School.

Baseball.



"Marion"

MARION L. LANDRY,

East Poultney, Vt.

"Better late than never."

Troy Conference Academy.

 $AK\Phi$

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"Lu"

LUCILLE M. LAWRENCE,

Walworth.

"She can talk, if you please, Till the man in the moon Will allow it's a cheese."

East Rochester High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Helen"

HELEN M. LEWIS,

Plattsburgh.

"Helen is a worker, not a shirker."

Plattsburgh High School.

 $AK\Phi$



"Kate"

CATHERINE M. LUCY,

Plattsburgh.

"Still water runs deep."

Plattsburgh High School.



"Mary"

MARY E. MCAULIFFE,

Clintonville.

"Fair, kind and true have often lived alone, which three, till now never kept seat in one."

Keeseville High School.

Page twenty-eight

"Mary"

MARY McMAHON,

Westport.

"Oh this learning, what a thing it is!

Westport High School.



"Goldie"

GOLDIE L. MCNEELY,

Tupper Lake.

"Maiden! with the meek brown eyes, In those orbs a shadow lies, Like the dust in evening skies."

Tupper Lake High School.

 $AK\Phi$



"Mac"

CATHERINE McQUILLAN,

Plattsburgh.

"A smile for everyone, And everyone anxious for her smile."

> Plattsburgh High School. Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Delta Clionian, Honor Student.



"Kate"

KATHERINE MARTIN,

Lake Placid.

"Silence is a great virtue among women."

Lake Placid High School.

 $AK\Phi$

Page twenty-nine





"Helen"

HELEN M. MEADE, Fort Covington.

"They that govern the most sometimes make the least noise."

Fort Covington High School.

Class Orator, Honor Student.



"Helen"



"Jinnie"

VIRGINIA L. MOONEY, Peekskill.

"A life that moves to gracious ends."

Drum Hill High School, Peekskill.



"Mulvey"

MARGUERITE L. MULVEY, Ticonderoga.

"Always moving—never still—Always talking with a will."

Ticonderoga High School.

 $AK\Phi$

Page thirty

"Murphy"

CATHERINE M. MURPHY,

Ausable Forks.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free. Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Ausable Forks High School.

 $AK\Phi$



"Anna"

ANNA E. MURTAUGH,

Beekmantown.

"For she is just the quiet kind whose natures never vary."

D'Youville Academy.

"Isola"

ISOLA M. NEWELL,

Plattsburgh.

"She walks the water like a thing of life: And seems to dare the elements to strife."

D'Youville Academy.

AKΦ Honor Student.

"Anne"

ANNE L. NEWMAN,

Palmyra.

"Her friends come to her unsought."

Palmyra High School.

Delta Clionian, Secretary of Senior Class, Glee Club, Honor Student.

Page thirty-one





"Shawney"

FLORENCE E. NEWSOME,

Newburgh.

"In society or learning she excels."

Newburgh Academy.

Delta Clionian, Editor of Cardinal, Glee Club, Athletic Council, Honor Student.



"Alice"

ALICE M. NULTY,

Greenwich.

"No one but herself could be her parallel."

Schuylerville High School.

Delta Clionian.



"Mae"

MAE E. OWENS.

Ray Brook.

"She is a maid of artless grace, Gentle in form and fair of face."

Saranac Lake High School.

Delta Clionian, Assistant Business Manager of Cardinal, Glee Club.



"Pat"

MARGUERITE E. PATTNO,

Ausable Forks.

"Hers is a spirit deep, and crystal clear."

Ausable Forks High School.

AKΦ, Vice-President of Senior Class.

Page thirty-two

"Ag"

AGATHA P. PENDER,

Piercefield.

"As sweet a girl as one could choose to meet."

Piercefield High School.



"Cora"

CORA N. PIERCE,

Albany.

"As fair as a blossom in May."

Oneonta High School.

Glee Club.



"Liz"

ELIZABETH Z. PROUTY.

Ticonderoga.

"When a person is quiet and wears a dark air, We say she has wisdom and let it go there."

Ticonderoga High School.



"Letitia"

LETITIA K. PROVOST.

Peru.

"Letitia had to leave us,
But we heard she would return,
She thought P. S. N. S. had something left
For her, that she could learn."

АКФ, Honor Student.

Peru High School. Plattsburgh State Normal School.

Page thirty-three





"Ruffles"

WINNIFRED R. REAFFEL,

Essex.

"All virtues deserve a crown, but, modesty overshadoweth them all."

Honor Student.

Essex High School.



"Thelm"

THELMA H. REED,

Hinesburg, Vt.

"You impress us as a thinking woman."

Hinesburg High School.

Delta Clionian, Assistant Business Manager of Cardinal, Glee Club, Honor Student.



"Rufus"

RUTH E. RINGQUIST,

Jamestown.

"You may not know it at first sight, But really she is rather bright."

Jamestown High School.

Delta Clionian.

"Marion"

MARION T. ROONEY,

Plattsburgh.

"Much mirth and no madness, All good and no badness."

Plattsburgh High School.

АКФ, Assistant Joke Editor of Cardinal, Glee Club, Agonian History.

Page thirty-four



"Gen"

GENEVIEVE L. RUBY,

Rome.

"She adorned whatever she spoke or wrote upon with the most splendid eloquence."

Rome Free Academy.

Delta Clionian, Literary Editor of Cardinal, Senior Class



"Mary"

MARY SARTWELL,

Crown Point.

"Exhausting thought and living wisdom with each studious year."

Crown Point High School.

АКФ, Class Will.

"Esther"

ESTHER M. SEYMOUR,

Plattsburgh.

"The mildest of manners and the gentlest of hearts."

 $AK\Phi$

Plattsburgh High School.

"Bess"

BESSIE R. SHERMAN,

Fort Edward.

"A merry greeting for everyone."

Fort Edward High School.







"Sherrardie"

MARION SHERRARD,

Solvay.

"She is pretty to walk with, And witty to talk with And pleasant, too, to think on."

Depew High School.

Delta Clionian.



"France"

FRANCES E. SLATER,

St. Huberts.

"Of manners gentle, of affections soft."

Keene Valley High School.



"Hildy"

HILDEGARDE A. SMALLEY,

Stowe, Vt.

"Hildegarde is shy to meet, but— Give her a chance You'll find her a treat."

Stowe High School.

Delta Clionian, Glee Club, Honor Student.



"Smithie"

CATHERINE M. SMITH,

Keeseville.

"Smithie looks a little shy, But see that twinkle in her eye."

Keeseville High School.

 $AK\Phi$

Page thirty-six

"Erma"

ERMA F. SOULTS,

Great Bend.

"Silence is golden."

Black River High School.

 $AK\Phi$



"Sullivan"

ELIZABETH SULLIVAN,

Glens Falls.

"Nothing hinders me nor daunts me."

St. Mary's Academy.

 $AK\Phi$



"Irene"

A. IRENE THOMPSON,

Greenwich.

"Quality-not quantity."

Honor Student.

Greenwich High School.



"Gert"

GERTRUDE TROMBLEY,

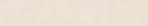
Altona.

"To afford others amusement is my pleasure."

Delta Clionian, Glee Club.

Plattsburgh High School.

Page thirty-seven





"Tubbsy"

ELEANOR TUBBS,

Chatha.

"The world means something to the capable."

Chatham High School.

Delta Clionian, Honor Student.



"Christine"

CHRISTINE M. WARD,

Hampton.

"Ne'er shall the sun arise on such another."

Honor Studeni. Saratoga Springs High School.



"Viv"

VIVIAN N. WEAVER,

Morrisonville.

"I exist as I am-that is enough."

Morrisonville High School.

Delta Clionian, Glee Club.



"Mary"

MARY WERT,

Ogdensburg.

"Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense, Lie in three words—health, peace and competence."

Ogdensburg Free Academy.

Delta Clionian, Joke Editor of Cardinal, Glee Club, Honor Student.

Page thirty-eight

"Mab"

MABEL G. WESCOTT,

Schuyler Falls.

"An open hearted maiden, pure and true."

Plattsburgh High School.



"Helen"

HELEN M. WILLIAMS,

Cadyville.

"She has spoken wise sayings that might have issued from the mouth of an oracle."

Plattsburgh High School.

Alumni Editor of Cardinal.



"Lila"

LILA WOOD,

Lake Placid.

"It is good to make a jest."

Lake Placid High School.

Honor Student.



"Sammie"

HILDA M. WRIGHT,

Plattsburgh.

"Life may be one grand sweet song to a few, But the majority trip along to music written in ragtime."

Plattsburgh High School.

Class Prophecy, Glee Club.

Page thirty-nine





"Homer"

HOMER W. WRIGHT,
"To be a well-favore

Ausable Forks.

"To be a well-favored man is a gift of fortune"

Ausable Forks High School.

Assistant Editor of Cardinal, Charge to the Juniors, Basketball.



"Sport"

MARION L. WRIGHT,

Port Henry.

"As true a friend as one could find."

Port Henry High School.

АКФ, Athletic Editor of Cardinal.



"Louise"

Louise Young,

Johnstown.

"Pleasant company is like sunshine to the flowers."

Johnstown High School.

АКФ.

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Senior Class Song

Tune: "Dear Little Boy of Mine"

The ship of our dream is a'sailing Far over an unknown sea.

We are starting out on a voyage,
Where the land of success might be.
We shall sail onward and onward
To ports of wealth and fame,
With hope and expectation
Of cargoes rich to gain.

CHORUS

Good-bye! Good-bye!

Though our hearts are aching,
At this parting hour so near
Pride in our duties waking,
Gives us trust to banish fear,
These loved halls we're now forsaking;
But we'll ever loyal be
To our classmates '22
And to Alma Mater dear.

Along the way we'll be aided By words that were kind, we knew, And a thought of the sacrifice made us By friends who are staunch and true. Their memories ever will linger, As on our voyage we sail. We'll try to live by their teachings And we know, we shall not fail.

GENEVIEVE L. RUBY.

Class History

"Justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays; It is to history he looks for praise."

Thus spoke Shakespeare, in referring to one of the greatest men the world has ever produced. But the praises of the present generation are not known either to the poet or the historian. It is when they have accomplished their great life-work and are laid to rest that the nation sees them in their true light.

Thus far, the class of 1922 has made a brilliant record in life's great journey. Two years ago, in September 1920, a class of *ninety-eight* students entered the Normal School. From the very first, they established themselves in the hearts of the faculty by the way in which they embraced the new work.

For the first few weeks our Normal School life was indeed a novelty. During these days, rush parties and sorority teas reigned supreme and lessons, although secondary in our thoughts, were not entirely neglected. Many good times were enjoyed by all and it was with regret that the social season closed early in October.

We then settled down to our ordinary school life and many were the nights that we burned the midnight oil to master that which seemed impossible.

Early in the year the Junior class was organized. Michael Brennan was elected as president, Frances Byrnes vice-president, Florence Newsome secretary and Harold Ellis treasurer. Under the direction of these officers our class prospered with great rapidity and we were considered "the ideal class," far and near.

Soon, the Christmas holidays arrived, and we were obliged to bid our friends adieu for two long weeks. On our return we were in better spirits than ever before to carry on the work which our noble profession demanded from us. Then Midyear came and with it the dread of having to take finals but with few exceptions our class proved successful in this ordeal as it did in everything that it had undertaken.

Following these weary days of "cramming," we were favored with the most enjoyable of functions—a dance. This was an affair long to be remembered by both the faculty and the students and much credit was due the committee in charge which was comprised of Juniors as well as Seniors.

School went on with its daily routine. Arguments came up now and then between the Juniors and Seniors but no ill feelings or broken friendships ever resulted, and thus our life went on from day to day.

During the month of May, we were favored with a week of festivities occasioned by the Agonian Convocation. Delegates came from the other Normal Schools and we were given an insight into the curriculum of other schools. Business meetings in the afternoons followed by dances in the evenings were most enjoyable and on leaving, the girls voted the Plattsburgh Normal girls as royal entertainers.

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The Junior class pushed on faithfully toward their goal and we realized all too soon that the first year was over. Friendships that had grown up between the two classes were about to be severed. In order to express to the Seniors our appreciation for all they had done for us, we entertained them by giving a dance early in June. The Senior Reception followed shortly and then Commencement day dawned bright and beautiful. This event brought tears to the eyes of many but "the best of friends must part."

In September, all were at hand to take up school work again, no longer Juniors, but dignified Seniors. All the old familiar faces were present and with them some new ones. The Juniors came in scores and we realized that our task was to be a heavy one if we were to guide and show enlightment to this large class of green and awkward children who were intrusted to our care.

The school activities consisting of sorority dances and rush parties were merely a repetition of the year before and lasted during the first few weeks. What fun it was to rush the little Juniors, bestowing kindness upon them and trying to make them feel at home that they might forget the many miles that separated them from Mother.

At the first Senior gathering, our class was reorganized and Raymond Frazier was elected as president, Marguerite Pattno vice-president, Ann Newman secretary and Harold Ellis treasurer.

On the morning of January 3rd, a shadow was cast over the lives of the classes of 1922 and 1923, for their friend and classmate Helen Conell, was called from our midst.

Midyear rolled around once more and the topic of the day was "finals." Juniors as well as Seniors participated in these functions but all managed to survive, as they all were desirous of attending the Midyear dance which was held on the evening of February 10th.

The day glided on and with regret and sorrow we thought of the completion of our school days. On and on have sped the two years, much too swiftly, until now we must think of the end. During this period, we have made an earnest endeavor to fit ourselves for the life work which we have chosen. It has not been all play but as we glance backward, memory overlooks the clouds and sees only the pleasanter aspects of our life here. And in behalf of the class of 1922 I extend to our honored faculty our sincere gratitude and utmost thanks for all they have done to make our lives bright and happy during our sojourn here.

It comes; our Normal days are done, We meet it with both joy and sorrow, Glad of the parchment we have won, Sad, for our parting comes tomorrow.

But whatever may come in the future We will all do our very best, And remember our happy school days In the halls of P. N. S.

Class Prophecy

A class prophet is no prophet if he is not either hypnotized, looking into the mysterious depths of a gazing globe, dreaming, or visiting some famous clairvoyant. Said prophet then gleans the coveted knowledge of a dim and misty future and passes it on to the waiting classmates or whomsoever it may concern. But this class of '22 made one mistake—the one chosen as prophet by this class is no prophet. She never dreams, sees only her own reflection in a gazing globe and has an incurable dread of clairvoyants. So what's to be done? This is what was done: Ye scribe appealed to the faculty or at least one of its members—a great believer in the Spiritualistic movement which is sweeping the country, a disciple of Lodge, Basil King and others. With a great air of mystery, but firm conviction, he informed your ambitious prophet that she need not take a sleeping potion to go into a trance nor consult the stars about her classmates' future, for he could tell her of an experience in his spiritual ventures that would make all simple. The spirits of the faculty had convened and passed judgment on each Senior. It was a night of reckoning when errant Seniors were put severely to the test.

Assembled in a circle, every member in perfect harmony of thought and purpose, sat these dim spirits. The leader clutched the scroll upon which was inscribed the Senior roll. All was hushed and subdued and then, in tones of deep emotion the leader chants the name of Miss Rae Braw. We see for you Rae, a great future in the exercise of your beautiful brown eyes upon the members of the "Sigma Nu" Fraternity of McGill University. Miss Hazel Ashline and Miss Stella Crowley-the chief complaint against you, girls, is your refusal to grow. We see for you both a brilliant future in the Plimmer Vaudeville Circuit as the diminutive pair. Helen Meade come forth. So long have you practiced the art of dignity and perfect composure you are well prepared for the career we see you entering-that of principal of the schools of Fort Covington. Elizabeth Jenkins has shown a restless spirit—in class one period and out the next. We see her under a five year contract to teach in the wilds of South America. Marion Landry and Lucille Lawrence, the two inseparables, we see you both teaching school in New York City and living in a flat near the Zoo. Lily Carlin, we never predicted any good for a "short-haired woman or a long-haired man," but you most certainly have exploded this theory. For it is with assurance, authority and exceeding grace that you fill the chair of Economics in Jamestown High School with Ruth Ringquist as your assistant. Unlike most Seniors who crave all the dignity possible, Bessie Sherman has clung to the curls and ringlets of childhood.

There is no offense without the corresponding penalty, and we see her surrounded by children of all ages in a kindergarten down in Mexico. Lillian Defoe, alas! You worked hard and persisted patiently to the end. We see you happily married to your Prince. Beatrice Donahue, we see you as Supervisor of Penmanship in the State Department at Albany. Mildred Gordon, Letitia Provost, and Virginia Mooney, we see you conducting a school in opposition to the Gregg Studio, of Plattsburgh, with headquarters in Peru. Gladys Herwerth is ushered in. You exhibited such a marked preference during your Normal course for a certain piano player, that you have been well prepared, we are sure, to fill your present position—that of orchestra director at the Clinton Theatre, with Gallagher your chief assistant. Helen Lewis, we see you doing exhibition skating in the Boston Arena, with Randal acting as your director.

Florence Newsome was the constant member of the class, for not once did she change her fraternity jewelry. Peace and happiness reign in your home in Newburgh, N. Y. Agatha Pender, for you we see a happy career on the high seas. Catherine Smith and Helen Coolidge, who never smile except to themselves, we see you the chief advocators of a new slogan, "Try a Smile." Erma Soults, we did not know that you showed a liking for titles of rank while in school, but we see you as the Countess Krokoka, residing in Poland. Harold Ellis, your most grievous offense is that you prefer girls' company to that of boys. We see you successfully conducting an exclusive seminary for young women out in California. Kathleen Graves, your gift for drawing will help you find a job many times. At present we see you as one of Vogue's illustrators. Catherine Lucy, you never wanted to be a school teacher and so you never shall be; but we do see you acting as private secretary to "Brown." Alice Chase, your love for the out-of-doors will lead you to a ranch in Wyoming where happiness awaits you. Ida Coates, we see you president of a Woman's Rifle Club. Bertha Elliot, we see you teaching school in the little town of Richford, Vermont, but you will change your residence to Glens Falls, New York, before many years. Anne Newman, in the near future you will secure a position as teacher in Central High School of Syracuse where Bill(s) are received other than by mail. Katherine Burgevin, after successfully completing a course of study as outlined by Rousseau in his book "Emile," you will be properly prepared for your life work—that of companion to "Ed." Isabel Everest, you are destined to be a lecturer in the public schools on "How To Get Fat." Thelma Reed and Catherine Murphy, you will operate broadcasting stations in opposition to each other trying to see which one's ideas can be carried the farthest. Alice Nulty and Elizabeth Prouty, you will own a school where only the ultra-modern dances are taught. Mae Owens, we see you as instructor of winter sports at the Lake Placid Club, tobogganing being your specialty. Helen Meiner, we wondered why you had heart trouble this year, but when it was discovered that a certain "Mac" was suffering from the same ailment it was decided to call in the minister to bring about the cure rather than the medical man. We were all very much interested when our Class President was called forth. Raymond Frazier, you will be given the rank of captain in the United States Army and will be stationed at Plattsburgh Barracks. Your duties will consist of teaching the enlisted men how to manipulate a typewriter as well as the rifle. Gertrude Frazier, we see you teaching school on Long Island but your week-ends are spent in West Philadelphia. Of course there's a reason. Too often did Cora Pierce ensnare the male population of Plattsburgh with a glance from her baby blue eyes, not to be caught in her own net. We see her meekly assenting to her conqueror, "Vic."

Marion Rooney and Mary Sartwell, we see you as readers on the Redpath Chautauqua Circuit—Marion bringing out the laughs and Mary the tears, as usual. Frances Byrnes, we see you back at the Normal School, taking a course in stenography so that you will be qualified to accept a position offered by one of our young attorneys. Irene Thompson, you are loved by little children and you will find your place among them. Who is this we see as ballet dancers in the Ziegfeld Follies? Why none other than Dulcie Deuel and Frances Fitzpatrick. Helen Halpin and Winnifred Reaffel, you never were noted for talking, but it gave us quite a shock to see vou teaching in a deaf and dumb school. What is causing all the excitement, we wonder? Why, I recognize the place, it is the corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue; the traffic is all stopped, and the reason? Oh! yes, we see Gen Ruby standing in the center of the avenue, writing poetry on the back of an envelope. Esther Seymour, your interest in Ford cars will lead you to an "Earl." We see Catherine McQuillan, ably filling the chair vacated by Miss Grace Barker, in Plattsburgh High School. Helen Croll, we see you back in Plattsburgh, situated where the shortage of "Cole" cannot be felt. Eleanor Tubbs, your persistency and natural ability will win you recognition, because we see you as head of the Income Tax Bureau in Albany. Gert Trombley, your love for the old town of Dannemora will have much to do in helping you decide your life work, because we see you as secretary to the Keeper at the Prison. We see the interior of a dance hall; the proprietress is advancing to meet us; who is she, we wonder? By the color of her hair I immediately realize that it is none other than little Anna Murtaugh. Catherine Ederer, you are going to make a wonderful teacher. How do we know? Well, the Spirits tell us that you are going to teach commercial arithmetic in dear old P. S. N. S. Is not that a sufficient reason for the first statement? Anna Dawson and Marguerite Mulvey, you are destined to be the owners of a private school for boys; only boys between the ages of fourteen and seventeen are admitted, we read in your advertisement. A new patent medicine is on the market, compounded by Theresa Keenan, which she guarantees will make one tall and willowy in three weeks. And as proof of her statement Helen Delaney and Mabel Clodjo are going from one county fair to another demonstrating the medicine by posing as the living skeltons. Flora Conway, your outstanding characteristic is friendliness, so you are well adapted for your position as Matron

at the Home for the Friendless. Julia Beede, we see you in a comfortable little home on Broad Street of this city. We see a body of water, and by the size of it we judge it must be the Atlantic; we also see a private yacht with the name "Justin" in large gold letters on one side, and then we see a bevy of gayly-clad women on board and recognize them as Mary Justin, the owner and her crew which includes Frances Casey, Margaret Conners, Lila Wood, Bertha Davison and Louise Young. Surely they make up a jolly crowd. Marion Wright, your love for athletics won for you the nickname "Sport," just so will this same love win you a position teaching basketball to a group of girls in Honolulu. Mary Wert, your return to Ogdensburg brought such a host of your friends to that town, that you were unanimously elected Mayoress under its new city charter. "Still water runs deep," so the old saying goes, and Vivian Weaver has proven its truth because we see her in a home of her own surrounded by a group of happy faced children. Mabel Wescott, your sincerity will carry you far along the path of life. to true happiness, which you will find waiting for you in Michigan. Out of the class of '22, it would seem strange if there were no devotees to the silent drama, but this class is no exception in this respect for we see Marion Sherrard as understudy to Theda Bara, and Goldie McNeeley as leading lady for Wally Reid.

Mary McAuliffe, it cost quite a bit of money to go to Ausable Forks for the week-end, so it is not surprising that we see you teaching in that village. Homer Wright, finding it almost impossible to support a wife on a teacher's salary, it is not to be wondered at, that you change your vocation to that of auto salesman, which the Spirits tell us you are destined to do. Katherine Martin, the Spirits were undecided as to your fate, perhaps you will teach for a few years. Apparently success awaits you in your chosen profession. Frances Slater is the female member of the Mac-Slater dancing team, giving regular exhibitions in Plattsburgh on Saturday nights. Beulah Emery, we see you living happily with "Ken" in Norwood. We see Christine Ward surrounded by a group of small brown children in far off India, where she is doing a very useful work. Lena Bradley, you are so quiet that one hardly knows that you are around, but the Spirits say you are present, and we see you teaching school in your home town. Of course there's a reason. Who is this that we see coming slowly out from the dim circle? Ah! yes, it is Helen Williams; she has at least learned that if one wants to get anywhere, one should make haste slowly—we see her as Speaker in the House of Representatives, with thoughts wandering continually to the Presidency. Isola Newell, we see you as living model at Sharron's. A great quiet seems to come over us as Marguerite Pattno is ushered in. She did her part well at Normal, but failed to use some of her gifts. She no longer speaks on any occasion, but uses her eyes to good advantage, specializing on Bills. We see Hildegarde Smalley on her way to fame via Mamaroneck studios instead of the more prosaic route of Amityville.

Then the Spirits all "retired in order," and this is the story as it was told to me.

Class Will

We, the Senior class of 1922 of the State Normal School at Plattsburgh, County of Clinton and State of New York being of sound mind and disposing memory do hereby make, ordain, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament, that is to say:

After all our lawful debts having been paid we give and bequeath our property in the following manner:

First: To the Juniors in general, that most needy group of existing beings, we leave you Common Sense, Intellectual Ability, Love for Study, Originality and above all Dignity, all of which characteristics have been ever prominently before you during the past year in the great personality of our Senior class.

Second: We grant you the power of secrecy by which you as Seniors of next year may keep your class colors and song from the Juniors. As you were quite incapable of doing such this year we hope you will profit by the wonderful example set before you.

Third: We bequeath to you physical exertion by which you may defend that pale blue, dusty, triangular-shaped piece of material which you Juniors call your banner.

Fourth: We grant you a permit to purchase from Marshall's Hardware Store, any number of barrels of Le Page's glue by which you as a class may be more united in your class spirit and work of next year.

Fifth: We do hereby individually bequeath according to his or her merits.

To Miss Gertrude Corrigan a microscope with which to discern the gaining qualities of a Spear man.

To Miss Helen Scott and Miss Lola Knapp another topic to talk about besides men.

To Miss Dorothea Letson a quiet little corner in the library.

To Mr. Bill McGaulley a drag with the Electric Light Co., so that the lights will be off on Sunday nights at 15 William St.

To Miss Wilma Carpenter some of Gertrude Frazier's "pep."

To Miss Mary Behan the privilege of defending her class banner next year.

To Miss Agnes Powers, a tall man for all the dances on the year's program.

To Miss Eleanor Smith a compass to aid her in determining which course to take.

To Miss Lillian Finnegan a lock (Locke) for her heart.

To Miss Erma Mallory a season ticket to Clinton theatre and permission to sit upstairs.

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To Miss Bonnie O'Connell and Miss Helen McLaughlin, an ear trumpet that they may distinguish the sweet voices of the Seniors from the squeak of their own kind.

To Miss Rose Gold an honorable position as Class Poet and a little reasoning to back up her, "pep."

To Miss Arleeta Knickerbocker and Miss Lucy McDonald a new recipe for making fudge.

To Miss Beatrice Coulon three-quarters of an hour every morning to comb her hair and a taxi driver to take her up to school free of charge.

To Miss Mary Reardon a man for the Normal dances.

To Miss Orva Schoonerman a special mail delivery to carry her daily maily from Harold next year.

To Miss Mary Quinlan we leave the title of "Dame Musica," of the P. S. N. S.

To Miss Gladys Mulholland, a tonic to make her thin, the height of her ambition.

To Mr. Bernice Darragh as much popularity with the Juniors next year as he had with the Seniors this year.

To Miss Grace Karl, "Some mild ones."

To Miss Catherine Smalley a full edition of the latest joke book published.

To Miss Anna Reed, a book entitled, "How to Dance on a Polished Floor."

To Miss Edna Schenkle, an interpreter to aid her in understanding Tracy's jokes.

To Ursula Hanlon, Theresa Keenan's permission to have her hair cut.

To Miss Mary Dunningan, Elsie Smith and Sally Rockowitz our appreciation of their good natured grins.

To Miss Angie Norton, the Juniors' "Old Oaken Bucket" to catch her tears.

To Kathryn Vaughn an interest in the (St.) Lawrence Project.

To Miss Louise Coulter the privilege of being Captain of the Basketball team next year.

To "Tracy," Miss Garrity's position as musical director during the coming year.

To Miss Hazel Smith a calendar so that she will not forget Class and Sorority meetings.

To the Misses Mary Engle, Anne Renison and Helena O'Flynn a contract for one boarding place next year.

To Mr. Edward Dodds a girl adapted to take the place of "Katie."

To Miss Bessie Turner a contract for a position in West Chazy.

To Miss Mary Swineler an interest in Jaques' Drug Co., so that she may have a plentiful supply of cosmetics.

To Miss Bessie Federman, Helen Williams' intellectual abilities and extensive vocabulary.

To Mr. Kenneth Locke, a red haired woman, his heart's desire.

To Miss Ruth Consaul we give a house with columns (Columbes).

To Miss Flora Pfisterer, a soft pedal for her voice.

To Miss Mary Otis and Kathryn Holland, a tonic to make them short.

To Miss Gladys Huntley, the opportunity to receive more than a dozen letters daily.

To "Tess Smith," a pair of boxing gloves so that she may easily cope with the class of '24.

To Miss Mary Ellis, we leave the sincerest friendship of her Senior friends.

To Miss Kathaleen Hughes, the opportunity to be master of one entire assembly period in which she may sing to the new members of the school, her favorite song, "Poor weak little Juniors."

To Miss Anne Braw, a toy doll to keep her company next year when Rae is gone.

To Mr. Arthur Cogan, Harold Ellis' knowledge so that he will think of something else besides jazz and an old pipe.

To the Misses Eleanor Swanick and Bobby Brunell, a couple of extra hems to hang on the bottom of their dresses.

To Miss Ruth Gray, a mirror in which she may gaze continually at "her own fair face."

To Miss Rosanna Shear, permission to ride to school every day in Weir's truck.

To Miss Rose O'Neil, a special bus between Plattsburgh and Clintonville. To Mr. Howard Northup, the championship in the World's Series of basketball games.

To Miss Alice Ryan, an alarm clock so that she will be able to get to school on time next year.

To the Misses Ruth Maroney and Mary Markham, a box in which they may keep their many hair-ribbons that they wore during initiation.

To Miss Mary Caffrey, the proclaimed liking of the members of the entire bookkeeping class.

To "Bobby" Zingisser and Marie Hansa, a season's ticket to Leonard's dance hall.

To Miss Margaret Buckley, a hat to wear in place of the "large" one she wore at initiation.

To the Misses Harriet Bradley, Peg King and Martha Zimmerman, a little more dignity when they become Seniors.

To Miss Marion Hall, a relaxation from the labors of her Junior year (?).

To Miss Helen Weed, a horse collar so that she and Mr. Brault may do team work, that is, if Miss Helen Purdy does not apply for it first.

To Miss Rena Proulx, a permanent audience to listen to her incessant prattle.

To Miss Edith Kelly, a side addition to a certain bicycle so that there will be room for two to ride.

To Miss Elizabeth Houghton, the memory of her Clionian initiation.

To Mrs. Ruth Learned, the opportunity to conduct all choir rehearsals next year.

To Mr. Eric Nichols, a pass to interrupt any class he desires.

To Miss Loretta Libby, a jar of Mellin's Food so as to increase her avoirdupois.

To Miss Gertrude Kirby, a little Swift.

To Miss Irene Harrington and Miss Ellen Forrence, an undying friendship.

To Mrs. Laura Yates, a mileage book which she may use going from Plattsburgh to Fort Edward.

To Miss Kathleen Harvey, the privilege of cheering up the homesick Juniors of next year.

To Mr. Edwin Andrews, a new memory so that he will at least have enough presence of mind hereafter, not to forget his rubbers after spending the evening at 132 Court Street.

To the Faculty, we leave our heartiest appreciation of their kindness,thoughtfulness and good-will also our best wishes for them in their future work.

Furthermore, we declare this to be our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we, the undersigned, have hereunto subscribed our names this twenty-third day of June, in the year of our Lord, Nineteen Hundred Twenty-Two.

Class of 1922.

Per Mary L. Sartwell.

Witnesses:

Ruth (Key)ith
Bessie (Turn(s)er
Kenneth (Lock)e.



Mementoes

Fellow-classmates of '22

Ye who muster ninety-one,
To find a memento for each of you,
Take it from me, is more work than fun.

And yet I'll do my modest best,
My witless worst, perhaps you'll say,
And get the business off my chest;
Give ear as I open my mouth with a Brae.

To Rae Braw, this pass on the D. & H. so that her Montreal trips will not cost her so much another year.

To Kate Burgevin, these Special Delivery stamps for convenience in getting word to Ed.

To Lily Carlin, this doll to play with in case the members of the faculty do not happen to have any babies to take care of.

To Alice Chase, this little horse on which she may ride back and forth from Montreal next year.

To Ida Coates, our permission to take musical instruction, as she is so interested in "Scales."

To Helen Croll, we give this lump of coal.

To Lillian Defoe, this story of "My Prince."

To B. Donahue, this big "B" to remind her of our Sunday dinners.

To Catherine Ederer, this copy of "I Ain't Nobody's Baby," lest she forgets.

To Bertha Elliot, this check for her tuition for the training of her voice.

To Harold Ellis, this Diary book with a string on it that he may keep it around his neck.

To Beulah Emery, this pair of dancing pumps so she may keep in practice.

To Gertrude Frazier, a copy of "Once to Every Man."

To Raymond Frazier, an experienced cook that he may not have to go out to his meals.

To Mildred Gordon, these weights to put in her clothes for fear the high winds of Ilion might blow her away next year.

To Kathleen Graves, this set of artist's tools to keep up her good work.

To Gladys Herwerth, this Baby Grand piano so that she may never cease to hear the grand music her Man can produce.

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To Marion Landry, this brick to put on her head so she won't grow any taller.

To Lou Lawrence, this automobile license so she may keep in right with the "cops."

To Mary McAuliffe, this box in which she may keep her gorgeous jewels. To Catherine McQuillan, this envelope of ruffles so we may see her ruffled for just once.

To Helen Meade, this can to add to her supply in case it may run low for we wouldn't want her to lack one when she starts to tie them on.

To Goldie McNeely, this certificate granting her freedom from work for all summer.

To Helen Meiner, this horn to remind her of her saxaphone player.

To Virginia Mooney, all the surplus cash from our treasury that she may always be able to buy a dress for St. Patrick's Day and never have to borrow again.

To Anne Newman, just a few more curlers so her "waves" may never cease to roll.

To Florence Newsome, this cook book for as you know the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

To Alice Nulty, this contract for the building of a perfect man that will come up to her ideal.

To Marguerite Pattno, this Bill from McGaulley's.

To Agatha Pender, this horn to make all the noise she can for once.

To Cora Pierce, a Victor Talking Machine and a monopoly on all Victor records so that she may always hear "Her Master's Voice."

To Elizabeth Prouty, just one more Daylight Saving law, so she may have more hours for study.

To Letitia Provost, McCoy's Rules on discipline.

To Marion Sherrard, this little paint brush so she may go "a Dobbin'."

To Hazel Ashline, a ruler with which to measure her inches as she grows.

To Julia Beede, a memorandum book in which to keep her engagements with Foster.

To Nina Benway, a taxi to take the place of the one she has been using, when she leaves town.

To Lena Bradley, this letter of introduction to Our Friend from Middlebury in case she might meet him on her journey home next year.

To Frances Byrnes, this Downey pillow. Ahem! Enough said.

To Frances Casey, this pass for a trip around the world.

To Mabel Clodjo this copy of "Self Confidence."

To Margaret Conners, this letter of welcome from the class of '22.

To Flora Conway, this tube of Pebeco tooth paste that her charming smile may continue to be charming.

To Stella Crowley, a pair of high heels with which to add to her dignity.

To Bertha Davison, this car to remind her of the one she left behind her.

To Anna Dawson, this silencer to put on her laugh in case she may wake the dead.

To Helen Delaney, this nice soft cushion to make the riding in the Harley-Davison a little more comfortable.

To Dulcie Deuel, this watch in hopes that she some time in her life may be on time.

To Mary Fitzpatrick, this package of Yeast Foam to help her rise in the world.

To Helen Halpin, this rocking chair and book of music so she may be able to always amuse herself.

To Theresa Keenan, this wheelbarrow to help her carry her suitcase from home on Mondays.

To Katherine Martin, this autograph album to contain the signatures of her many acquaintances among the young men of Plattsburgh.

To Marguerite Mulvey, a box of Vitamine Tablets, guaranteed to increase your weight.

To Thelma Reed, this appointment to the high and esteemed position as Manager and Official Advisor of the U. S. Government as she knows she is capable of holding a high position.

To Ruth Ringquist, this contract for five years to teach in the Jamestown schools as this was always Ruth's highest ambition.

To Marion Rooney, this contract for \$50 a week to go among the faculty this summer and entertain them with her jokes.

To Genevieve Ruby, this pair of mittens to keep her hands from getting cold.

To Catherine Smith, this bottle of Sloan's liniment to take away her rheumatism so that she may smile once in a while.

To Irma Soults, some one she would enjoy talking to as she does not seem to appreciate our conversational abilities as no one has heard her voice.

To Gertrude Trombly, just this little tub in hopes that Tubby will never fade from her mind.

To Vivian Weaver, this box of bird seed for her voice.

To Mabel Wescott, this basket filled to overflowing with the sincere love of her classmates.

To Hilda Wright, this package of court plaster to use in case she might some time come to meet Mr. Diebolt and he would want the "Floor."

To Homer Wright, this bottle of medicine to produce a little "Pep" so that he will not be a missing quantity in the school in which he teaches next year.

To Mae Owens, this little toboggan to remind her of the fatal ride.

To Catherine Murphy, this nice big "Spud."

To Catherine Lucy, this copy of the latest style book so that she will be convinced that they are wearing them longer.

To Isabel Everest, this flying machine to bring her to "Tabe" this summer at a rapid pace.

To Hazel Garrant, this Treaty of Peace signed by Dr. Kitchell.

To Eleanor Tubbs, just this one more article to add to her heavy laden bureau top.

To Esther Seymour, this standing invitation to Peru.

To Helen Lewis, the right to announce her engagement now that school is about to close. Come on Helen be a sport and tell us all.

To Anna Murtaugh, this black hair net. We admire your raven tresses, Anna.

To Isola Newell, a book of instruction on how to do the latest dances with ease and grace. Of course you don't need it, Isola, but we want to show our good will anyway.

To Winnifred Reaffel, this basket in which to place anything which her girl friends may leave in her room. She always has so much around.

To Mary Sartwell, this sewing basket to aid her industrious fingers in their future needle work.

To Frances Slater a box of stationery to use this summer in writing to a tall man of this city, named "Mack."

To Hildegarde Smalley, a book of children's games. No, not for yourself Hildegarde, but for use next year.

To Elizabeth Sullivan, this bottle of medicine guaranteed to produce a little more "Pep."

To Irene Thompson, this cook book to use when she starts house-keeping in Ticonderoga.

To Christine Ward, a copy of Captain Billy, Whiz Bang. A giggle now and then won't hurt your dignity, Christine.

To Helen Williams, this gold seal diploma for having read the most books of any of her classmates.

To Lila Wood, this bottle of Wild Root which we are sure will at least produce a few curls in her hair.

To Marion Wright, this pair of dark glasses to continue her research work next year.

To Helen Coolidge, I leave just my card in hopes that some day we may become acquainted.

To Mary Justin, just one more Women's League at which she may pass her extra time in doing good.

MARY WERT.

Charge to the Juniors

Juniors, on this occasion we desire for the last time to say a few words of parting advice. We are taking this opportunity to admonish and urge you from your haphazard ways and follow as closely as possible our scholarly example.

When school opened last September, we, as Seniors, took upon us the responsibility of trying to mould you somewhat as a sculptor moulds clay into something for men to gaze upon with admiration. We do not claim that the moulding and shaping of this human clay has been attended with any very remarkable results, for unfortunately the clay was not of the right quality and therefore was not susceptible to being shaped.

We will not discuss again the trials our duty has brought us or take this as an opportunity to dwell at any length on your many shortcomings. This much we have to say, however: You have a whole lifetime to improve and judging from your present state we think the period is not any too long.

We have conscientiously tried from the first to give you by word and example a fair conception of what we believe the object of attending this institution to be. One does not come here as we understand it, to take a few subjects to pass the time away between classes at Leonard's, or to pass the day in trying to do hastily what one should have been doing the evening before while attending the movies or entertaining "Jakie" with the lights turned low.

The days of observing in Junior classes are never to be forgotten by the Seniors. From the outset, we have gravely doubted that P. S. N. S. could make anything out of such a brainless unintelligent collection of humanity. Outside of class we observed your slippery ways of getting by with your studies. We were so greatly exasperated by the myriads of mistakes in your shorthand notebooks and recitations that we could smile only feebly at what to some would appear immensely amusing. We honestly believe that the Senior who was heard to exclaim "Bonehead" might after all have been very near the truth.

So much for that. But this much we have to say: If slackness and irresponsibility make up the qualifications of good teachers, the schools of this state will within a year receive some of the best teachers of all time.

The lines of meaningless nonsense that you jumbled together and shouted as your class song sounded very frivolous indeed as compared to our very sensible well-written song. However, it only reflects your instinctive barbarous liking for the loud and ridiculous. To say the least we find it hard to believe that the pleasure-seeking, irresponsible group of unsophisticated Juniors will ever come to compare favorably in the slightest degree with the class of '22. H. W.

Class Oration

The fairest rose has many a thorn; the brightest sunbeam casts a shadow. So it is with all life; so with this our hour of triumph and rejoicing. We are glad, yet, upon our gladness sadness intrudes; regret that tomorrow we must bid farewell to our Alma Mater, take leave of each other, and pass out into the world alone.

Almost two years ago, when summer had waned and nature was riotous with autumnal color, we came here—strangers—somewhat uncertain, perhaps, but all hopeful and determined to do our best. During the two years we have been associated we have found much to admire in each other and little to condemn.

Our motto—"One among many but second to none"—is worth striving to live up to, as we have tried to do however unsuccessfully, during these two years of preparation for our life work. But what of the future; of next year; of five or ten years hence? Are we to forget our traditions; to lose sight of the ideals that inspire us now? Heaven forbid that it should be so! Space may separate us, but we can always be united mentally—in our aims and the principles for which we stand.

Though none of us has genius, all have character, and the kind of character we develop rests largely with ourselves. There is a limit to the possibilities that depend on gifts of intellect, but hardly any limit to one's possible usefulness. We should strive, then, to cultivate traits of character which will increase our general worth, both to ourselves and others.

Let us endeavor to extend our knowledge and improve our qualifications as the years go by. There is so much to learn and how little, even in our own particular lines, we really know on graduation day.

Let us never be so engrossed in the work of the day that our eyes are blind to those things of life which are in a sense commonplace, yet should ever be of interest to him who is truly human and sympathetic. When one no longer sees beauty in a sunset; when the liquid notes of a song-bird mean nothing to him; when a sparkling, dew-kissed flower awakens no response in his heart; when beauty of character in another ceases to cause him to admire, 'tis time he turned aside from his labors and began a search for his own soul.

Let us never be too preoccupied to take some interest in our fellow beings; to be encouraging, patient, kind.

"True worth is in being—not seeming; In doing each day that goes by Some little good—not in the dreaming Of great things to do by and by. For whatever men say in blindness, And spite of the fancies of youth There's nothing so kingly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth."

Let us be honest—not just "law-honest"—but honest in its biggest sense. And let us be unafraid. Of what value is honesty or goodness in one who lacks the courage to practice what he knows is right?

Let us be self-dependent and strong. We should not enlarge upon our vicissitudes, our trials, the wrongs we consider ourselves subjected to. We should cultivate the habit of solving our own difficulties. Why burden with our misfortunes or petty annoyances, those who have troubles of their own?

It is not timidity, complaining, or tears that the world wants, but it does want strength, kindness, honesty, courage and smiles. Ours, is the power to give; ours, the privilege to enjoy the satisfaction which must result from having been of real service.

"Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating, Against the world early and late, No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth."

HELEN M. MEADE.



Ivy Oration

Classmates: We have met many times as a class under the kindly guidance of our Alma Mater, but now we meet for the last time to pay her a parting tribute. To her we dedicate this Ivy with the hope that as it grows more verdant each year it will bear to her a message of our gratitude and reverence.

Realizing that this is the last week we shall all spend together, we experience today a feeling of keen regret. Yet this regret is softened as we gaze upon the faces of the friends we have made here, for we know that although we must part, their friendship will remain, a beautiful and lasting possession.

There is a happiness born of success, for our toil has not been in vain, and we are now about to reap the first fruits of our labors.

Our hearts are filled with gratitude to our teachers. They have given themselves faithfully in our behalf, have borne with us patiently in our shortcomings, and have shown themselves keenly interested in our welfare.

We go forth to give as a service to mankind what we have acquired here; to uphold the ideals that have been inculcated in us. And we shall cherish the memory of teachers ever kind and thoughtful, and of classmates loyal and true.

CATHERINE EDERER.

President's Address

Schoolmates, Members of the Faculty and Friends: In commemoration of the patriotism of members of our alumni, who left their peaceful vocations and went forth at the call of their country to fight for humanity, justice and the preservation of civilization, we, the class of '22, have erected as a lasting tribute to their valor the beautiful Bronze Honor Tablet which has been placed in the entry. In the hour of our country's peril, these men stood, undismayed, doing their duty to home and friends. It is most fitting that special mention be made of him who gave his life, that liberty might live and that governments by the people should not perish.

Dr. Hawkins and Members of the Faculty, as we look back through two long years, since first we came under your supervision, we acknowledge you as our staunchest and truest friends. We shall always remember your teachings, and shall try to live the clean, upright lives that you would have us live.

So, the class of 1922 says good-bye, hoping that you will accept our deepest gratitude and best wishes for the future.

And to you, the class of 1923, we bid adieu. As Seniors next year, this school will be just what you make it and no more. May you profit in your undertakings by our failures and mistakes.

Seniors: Once again we have gathered together as a class, but this time for the purpose of saying farewell. It is a day of rejoicing and of sorrow. We rejoice in the thought that the task which brought us here is finished. We rejoice in the close friendships that have grown up among us, of the good fellowship which has manifested itself since the beginning, but duty now calls for a parting of the ways. Tomorrow we must go out into the wide world as men and women, and upon us, as teachers rests the responsibility of moulding the characters of boys and girls, the bulwark of our nation. What type of character shall we make it? There come these questions to every one of us, as we are gathered here today. Is this school a better school than it was before I came? Are my classmates better because I have been in their midst—have I upheld ideals as high, or higher than the rest? There is no compromise with honesty and virtue. You either are, or you are not. Do you know that your soul is a part of the soul of this institution, that you are the fiber and core of her heart? None other can pain her as you can do; none other can please her or praise her as you can praise her. The world will be quick with its blame if your name is ever darkened

or stained. "Like graduate, like school," is an old saying, and the world will judge largely of your Alma Mater by you.

So to you, fellow Seniors, I say farewell. Our chain of associations which was linked together by joys and sorrows, tempered by success and failures is about to be broken. As each of us takes a link and goes our way, let us not forget that our work is not to ourselves alone, but to the honor and history of our class and of our school.

RAYMOND S. FRAZIER.



Salutatory

Today the class of 1922 has completed its work and has gathered here to extend to all of you words of greeting and to bid you welcome. Your interest in us is manifested by our presence as we participate in the final exercises that are to send us forth as teachers of the boys and girls of our state. As we bid you welcome we cannot refrain from reminding some of you of our great appreciation for the part you have had in bringing us to the culmination of our efforts in study. When all was not sunshine, cheering words were offered to light up our path. In our pleasures you have rejoiced with us; in our sorrows you have comforted us. Your inspirations and hopes for us have helped forward our success. We know great sacrifices have been made by some of you, greater by others of you, and greatest by most of you. For these sacrifices we are thankful and we appreciate their influence on our school life and career. We sincerely feel that the advice and goodwill which has been bestowed upon us will be a guidance toward faithful service in our chosen profession.

Now when the goal of our ambition is about to be realized, in behalf of the class of 1922, I extend to you a hearty welcome.

MABEL E. CLODJO.

Valedictory

Commencement is a time full of meaning to each one of us. Today we have reached that goal which lay as a dim vision upon the horizon when we first took up our work here. Although we have reached the goal our course is not complete. We have forged only another link in our chain of life and are now entering the broader field filled with opportunities for the building of character.

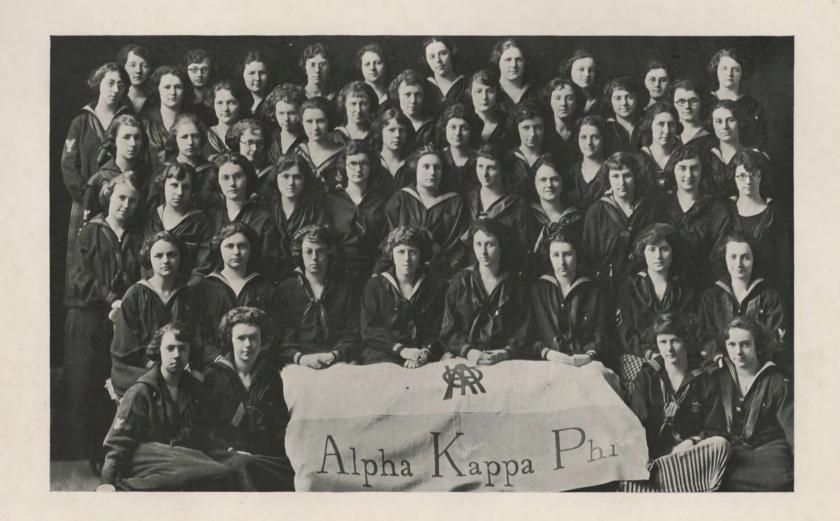
What our future holds in store for us we do not know, but whatever it may bring there will always be pleasant recollections of the past and of today. Although we are ever taking leave of something that will not come back again yet the happy recollections ever live. There are words and faces that never lose their hold upon the heart, faces that we may never see again and words that sometimes pass unheeded but they will have a controlling influence in shaping our destinies and can never be forgotten. The passing years will not dim their interest but time will preserve them among our dearest reminiscences. We may meet other faces, treasure other words and form other associations but these will remain unchanged.

For a moment this day of parting brings with it a feeling of sadness, but let gladness take its place at the thought of our union in the struggle to make the world better.

To you, our friends and teachers, mere words cannot express our appreciation of your interest and guidance which have helped us on our way. Only our work in the years to come can do that.

Today each one of us takes his own way and those ways may never cross, but wherever they may lead let us not forget to be ever loyal to the teachings of our Alma Mater.

MILDRED A. GORDON.



Alpha Kappa Phi

"Not a chance of birth or place has made us friends, Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations, But the endeavor for selfsame ends, With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations."

September—and the first day of school again! Back through the old South door and into our sunshiny room we went, where everybody was shaking hands and looking as happy as though they were going to a party instead of to a long year of hard work.

But that's just what we want to tell you! It isn't a long year of hard work! What "Ago" does, is to take the dullness and monotony out of it and substitute its warm friendliness. It makes one all the more satisfied in the already firm belief that we gain many things here, besides those which come to us on printed sheets.

We saw the Juniors—and they all looked the same to us. But after we had our fun with them and realized what good sports they were, we began in earnest to help them get settled and we tried to give them a good time. We made a beginning with a dance in the Gym the first Friday night they were with us.

Then little by little, now over a kettle of fudge, now in the mellow light of a camp fire, now in "kids'" clothes or watching an exciting "movie," we grew to know them better, and by and by, there was a happy night when they came to be our very own, and we were glad.

It seemed good to have our long window seat and every available chair filled at meetings. The very numbers of the girls, to say nothing of their spirit, prompted us to do things.

It was with this enthusiasm that we had a Cake Sale, and a sale of Japanese goods in the First National Bank before Christmas.

We came to our room on a frosty night to celebrate this joyous time, and it made us remember how, when we were small, we used to "like winter best of all, 'cause Christmas came then." It seemed we were never in a happier spirit. Even the little friendly lights on the tree were doing their best, twinkling at us.

We had a long and happy vacation, and after work settled into the new semester, we enjoyed another gay little round of parties, after which we chose seven more girls to come with us into Alpha Kappa Phi.

When we speak of parties, we mustn't forget our literary meetings. I doubt if one of us ever had more real fun, than the night that we were entertained by our

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"faculty at assembly." We feel confident that should a member of the teaching staff ever need a substitute, we could fill the position capably.

We don't want our Juniors to think we have forgotten that good dinner at the Pig 'N' Whistle! We knew something was up, when we saw you "a whisperin' around" but you exceeded even our great expectations!

The short days flew into seemingly shorter weeks and months, as spring came. On a calm enough morning in April, an avalanche of very important looking little market baskets descended on the Junior side of the Study Hall, and one marveled at the quaking and trembling they left in their wake.

But initiation is always and ever initiation and not so very much fun when you see it from some viewpoints!

Even with all these things filling our time, we found a place for three more sales and a card party. The public has responded cordially, and we have been able to buy some pretty furnishings for our room.

We have enjoyed a new privilege in our fraternity life this year. With Mr. Diebolt's kind help, we organized a basketball team and we have reaped both pleasure and benefit from this sport.

Bright and early on a morning in late May, we were at the railroad station to see our two representatives off to our yearly Convocation at Oneonta.

We are at the end. We stand looking back. The sun has shone over all our year—with one exception, when a cloud darkened its rays. This was when Helen E. Connell, one of our dear Junior girls, was taken from us, to come back no more.

We grow thoughtful. We have gained—and we have lost. But the very loss makes the gain seem greater. And now we must go on, for the vague future is beckoning to us. It is ours to shape as we will.

M. T. R.





Clionian History

How lonesome and homesick we thought we would be when we first came up here, but how entirely mistaken we were! The Senior Clionians simply did not give us a moment to become aware of any pangs of lonesomeness, but kept us literally in a social whirl. The time passed so quickly those first weeks that before we were aware of the fact, a greater part of the first semester had slipped away.

But do not think that while we were so enchanted with the gayety of parties, picnics, dances and teas, we neglected our studies. Rather the feeling of friend-liness made us wish to do our utmost and uphold the standard of Clio in school work. The representation of Clios on the Honor Roll of 1921 carries out the fact that we did not forget the purpose which brought us to Plattsburgh.

One of the most successful features of the year was our Christmas party. It was truly a review of the thrill we used to experience when small, of seeing Santa come prancing in with a large pack of bundles tied with holly ribbon and festive paper on his back. And how delighted we were when that pack was opened!

In the spring of 1921 a shower was given in honor of Miss Violet Goodsell whose marriage took place in April.

Convocation was held at Buffalo, N. Y., our delegates being Miss Ruth Abrahamson and Miss Frances Byrnes. A report of the business taken up at the Convocation was given by Miss Abrahamson while Miss Byrnes gave an interesting description of the social events. During the Agonian Convocation, which was held at the Normal School in May, a dance was given by the Clionians.

Another of the successful events of the year was the card party given by the Alumni. This was not only greatly enjoyed by those who attended, but it was a financial success as well.

The redecorating of the Clionian room begun in the spring of 1921, was continued by the purchasing of new furniture during the summer.

Then came that last tea party given in the Clio room in honor of the Senior Clionians. Only a little of our sincere regret at their departure from our school life can be expressed and only a little can we show them how much they helped us. For, as Phillips Brooks said, "No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of goodness."

Another year! How swift they fly! Clio room is again filled with laughter and merry voices. At last we have an opportunity of passing on some of that friendly spirit shown us by the Seniors of 1921.

We were so taken up with straw rides, picnics to the Bluff, teas in our own Clio room, parties and dances that no one had a thought of lonesomeness. The Japanese party of the year before was repeated, much to the delight of everyone.

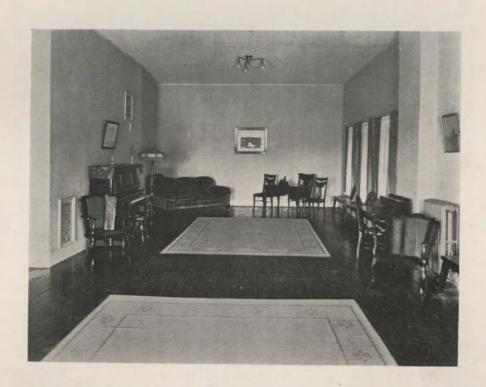
Then came that memorable night which we all so vividly recall. How glad we were to receive you Juniors into our midst as true sisters in Clio!

In the spring, a food sale was given by the Alumni for the Sorority which proved very successful and which greatly added to our treasury.

Convocation was held this year at Geneseo, N. Y., where we were well represented by Miss Byrnes and Miss Eleanor Gram.

And so at last we come to the parting of the ways. The old year is fast slipping back behind us. We cannot stay it if we would. We must go on and leave our past. Let us go forth nobly. Let us go as those whom greater thoughts and greater deeds await beyond.

L. L. C.





Norma Lights

Flower

Colors
ROYAL PURPLE AND WHITE

Club Officers

First Semester	Second Semester
Miss Sara RockowitzPresident	Miss Mary Engel
Miss Martha ZimmermanVice-President	. Miss Sara Rockowitz
Miss Arleeta Knickerbocker Secretary	.Miss Helena O'Flynn
Miss Rose Gold Treasurer	

History

The Norma Lights, organized in the fall of 1921, has met with unlooked-for success through the enthusiasm of its members. The faculty have cooperated with the girls at all times and have greatly aided this new organization.

The Norma Lights is fortunate in securing club rooms at the Young Women's League where meetings are held, and dancing, refreshments and further entertainments enjoyed. At these regular gatherings it is often thought that Demosthenes, himself, is reincarnated in the spirit of the debaters. The meetings are always looked forward to, and notice of "meeting tonite," brings forth either squeals of delight or groans of displeasure, depending upon the nature of the other engagements contemplated by individual members for that evening.

Aside from the meetings, the club has enjoyed various activities. Among the most outstanding of these the sleigh ride held before Christmas vacation was a "howling success." Miss Berwald was, as always, a capable chaperon. Her lively interest in the pleasantries of the evening afforded a delightful time for all. The evening was completed with dancing and refreshments at the club rooms.

With the approach of March 17, came the realization that all activities had been for Norma Lights only. A lively discussion resulted in the decision to hold a 20th Century Dance as a participation in the jovialities of St. Patrick's Day. All worked together and hardly a day passed without the expounding of its material by the advertising committee. Perhaps the students remember this with a laugh.

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Nevertheless, the method worked, and the first dance of the Norma Lights was a success. The gymnasium was prettily decorated according to traditions of the day with shamrocks, pipes and green. Everyone seemed to have a good time stepping to the music furnished by a three-piece orchestra, ably assisted by the banjo playing of Mr. Owen Seymour. The Norma Lights welcome this opportunity of publicly thanking Mr. Seymour for his services.

On April 1, the girls came to the front by staging "The Tragedy of Squirrel Bate Kingdom," in answer to the call of the Young Women's League for a stunt from each of its constituent clubs. This was almost a real tragedy, because the villain knocked the king and queen nearly unconscious. However, the two characters were revived by the spirited singing of a few songs, including the club song.

As this initial year has been an overwhelming success who dares predict what the future holds in store for this club?

R. S.

S. R.

M. E.



Alumni Notes

Miss Hester Coleman, class of 1921, has announced her engagement to Mr. Howard Hartley Munson of New York.

Dr. Eugene N. Boudreau, class of 1906, is Assistant Professor of Neuropsychiatry in the Medical School of Syracuse University.

Mr. Percival Coleburn, class of 1919 has accepted a position as secretary to the Governor of Alaska.

Marriages

Miss Katherine Fox, class of 1917, to Mr. John Savage, class of 1916, July 1921. Now living in Toledo, Ohio.

Miss Ruth Lobdell, class of 1915, to Mr. C. E. Mileu.

Miss Chloe Sisson, class of 1917, to Mr. George Lobdell. Now living in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Miss Marion Baker, class of 1920, to Mr. Wallace Thurston Christie, December 1921, Ridgewood, New Jersey.

Miss Helen Meagher, class of 1918, to Mr. Clarence LaPan, June 1921. Now living in Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Preston, née Miss Margaret Amsden, class of 1916, a daughter.

Died

Miss Margaret Marnes, class of 1901, March 1921, at Plattsburgh, N. Y.

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In Memoriam

Helen Connell --- January 3, 1922

We cannot say and we will not say— That she is dead. She is just away.

Abiding now in that unseen land, She waits 'till again we may clasp her hand,

And that land to us needs seem more fair, Since we know that Helen is waiting there.

Ever through memory's haze we'll see Her old sweet smile as it used to be.

Still to us she seems near and dear, And we love her There as we loved her Here.

For each she had ever a word or smile To help us along life's weary mile.

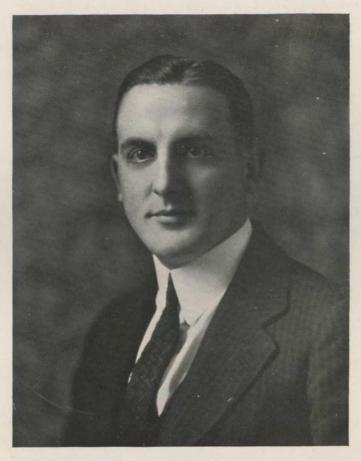
Into each heart a way she'd pave For the best of her life she ever gave

To those around. She was ready to lend a hand No matter when or what the demand.

And though with us she could not stay, We'll meet her again at the close of day.

She's with us still we will always say, For she is not dead—she is just away.

ATHLETICS







Boys' Basketball History

Although the basketball season was not as long as might have been desired, due to the late beginning, the team played a few fast games and attained a splendid record. We were also successful in arousing the athletic interest and support of the school which had so long been dormant.

After the first attempt at an organization had failed, a second attempt was made. On December 15, a meeting of the men of the school was held and it was decided to start a basketball team, whereupon "Jack" Ryan was elected captain and "Bernie" Darragh was chosen manager.

Although handicapped by the Christmas vacation and by the mid-year examinations, the team played five games and won four of them—the one lost being no discredit to us, since it was played the day after the organization of the team.

The team was composed of "Ray" Frazier and "Hap" Northup as forwards, "Jack" Ryan and "Eddie" Lavigne as guards, "Mike" Brennan as center, with "Tom" Brown and "Ben" Tracy as substitutes, who hope to have even a better season next year.

SCHEDULE

DCMC OU

			F. S. IV. S.	Opponents
Dec. 17	Peru High School	There	-20	29
Dec. 22	Morrisonville High School	There	31	18
Jan. 17	Keeseville High School	There	17	15
Mar. 22	Morrisonville High School	Here	51	22
Mar. 14	Ausable Forks High School	Here	34	17



Clio Basketball History

Early last fall the Clio girls became interested in basketball and it was not long before a promising team had been organized, with Anne L. Newman, captain, and Lily Carlin, manager.

The girls practiced faithfully every Thursday and Saturday afternoons under the efficient coaching of Mr. Diebolt, to whom we are most grateful for the success of our team.

The team consisted of the following players:

Leda Mock Rae Braw

Lily Carlin Anne Newman

Beulah Emery Bertha Elliot

Louise Coulter Ruth Ringquist

Florence Newsome Catherine Ederer

Marion Sherrard Junior Diebolt, Mascot.

The schedule for the season consisted of the following games:

Jan. 16 Non-Sorority 8 -- Clio 10

Jan. 20 Rouses Point 14 — Clio 8 (At Rouses Point)

Feb. 2 Agonians 7 — Clio 0

Feb. 13 Non-Sorority 2 — Clio 4

Feb. 16 Agonians 4 — Clio 15

Feb. 25 Rouses Point 4 — Clio 9 (At Plattsburgh)

Perhaps the most memorable event during this season was our trip to Rouses Point, February 20. The team was well supported by several of the sister Clios, including Miss Hull, who proved an ideal chaperon for the party. Although the victory was not ours, we enjoyed every minute of our stay and at once began to look forward to our return game with them.

Girls, will we ever forget that night at the Holland House, Rouses Point!!! As for individual playing, we give much credit to Carlin and Coulter, our forwards, and Ringquist, our center.

The season ended with our victory over Rouses Point, on February 25, when we played them in the Y. M. C. A. at Plattsburgh. Some real spirit was shown at this game by a good turnout, not only of the Clio girls, but many of the student body, who backed the team with their cheers and lead the girls to victory.

Now that the spirit of Athletics has been injected once more in the school we hope that it will not die out, but that it will grow stronger as each succeeding class enters.



Agonian Basketball History

Anna Dawson

Kathleen Graves

Helen Lewis

Marguerite Mulvey

Mary O'Connell

Rena Proulx

Janet Weaver

Marion Wright

Marguerite Mulvey C.	
Janet WeaverL. F.	
Mary O'ConnellR. F.	
Helen LewisL. G.	
Kathleen GravesR. G.	
Anna DawsonSub.	
Marion WrightSub.	
Rena ProulxSub.	

The Agonian basketball season of 1921-22, although not very successful, was indeed an enjoyable one.

At the beginning of the season the girls had a goodly number of candidates for teams. From these, two teams were chosen. The second team did not participate in any games this season. For manager, Anna Dawson was chosen and for captain, Marguerite Mulvey, both of whom proved very capable of their positions.

Practice began with every girl full of interest and enthusiasm. For about two months the team practiced under the patient and progressive work of their coach.

SCHEDULE

			Agonians	Opponents
Feb. 3	Clionians		7	0
Feb. 16	Clionians		4	15
Feb. 18	Rouses Point		9	14
Mar. 11	Rouses Point		3	7
Mar. 22	Norma Lights	. 1	15	8



Norma Light Basketball History

Officers

Blanche Brunell	Captair	1
Bessie Federman	Manager	ľ
Mr. A. L. Diebolt	Coach	1

Personnel

Helen Weed	. Forward
Blanche Brunell	. Forward
Marie Hansa	Center
Rose Gold	Guard
Harriet Bradley	Guard
Sara Rockowitz	Guard

Last fall, there arose among the students the ever-welcome spirit for the promotion of athletics. Out of this enthusiasm, the team now called "Norma Lights" was formed, organized mainly for the purpose of providing wholesome exercise and recreation in the form of basketball for those girls desiring it. At first, as in all new activities, there was great enthusiasm and about twenty were present at the first practice. Gradually, the number dwindled to a few who came each time and showed that, by conscientious effort and team-work, a beginning could be made. Mr. Diebolt, as coach, whole-heartedly gave his time and effort to coach the various teams and to him much of our progress is due. Miss Brunell was elected captain and Miss Federman manager. Several games with the Clionians and Agonians were played in the school gymnasium.

Since this team now represents the Norma Light Club, it is hoped that next year the Norma Light team will take a more active part in the school activities.



Top row: Brown, Brault, LeBombard, Darragh, Benway. Bottom row: Cogan, Northup, Ryan, Tracy, Lavigne, Locke.

The Hall of Fame

FIRST MARRIED, CLASS STUDENT, CLASS SHARK, CLASS BEAUTY, CLASS FLIRT, CLASS DANCER, CLASS GOSSIP, CLASS TALKER, CLASS ATHLETE, CLASS SPORT, CLASS MUSICIAN, CLASS BABY, CLASS PESSIMIST, CLASS LOAFER, THE TRUEST, CLASS BUMP, THE SPEEDIEST, CLASS GIGGLER, THE NOISIEST, CLASS OLD MAID, CLASS WORRIER, THE MOST ADMIRED, THE SPOONIEST. FACULTY ADVISOR, THE MOST HAPPY-GO-LUCKY.

Homer Wright. Thelma Reed. Eleanor Tubbs. Gertrude Frazier. Bertha Elliot. Isabel Everest. Hilda Wright. Frances Fitzpatrick. Anne Newman. "Sport" Wright. Helen Croll. Hazel Ashline. Catherine Smith. Elizabeth Jenkins. Beatrice Donahue. Lily Carlin. Elizabeth Prouty. Kathleen Graves. Erma Soults. Mary Wert. Mary Sartwell. Frances Byrnes. Marguerite Pattno. Harold Ellis. Flora Conway.

Junior to Senior

(Upon being asked to purchase a Cardinal)

Signor Senior, many a time and oft, With a Senior smile, you have rated me About my youthfulness and my greenesses: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug; For sufferance is the badge of all my class. You call me-- Junior, a Greenie And scorn me as a so-called child; And all because my head is empty. Well then, it now appears, you need my help; Go to, then; you come to me, and you say, "Junior, we would have money"; You say so; You that did mock my youthful knowledge, And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur Out of the door: money is your suit. What should I say? Should I not say, "Hath a Junior money? Is it possible a Senior would Stoop so low as to ask a Junior, or Shall I bend low, and in a worshipful tone, With bated breath and whispering humbleness, 'Fair Senior, you spoke not to me once on April 7th last (Song day); You hid my colors such a day; another time You plagued me; for these courtesies, I'll drop in my iron men and eagerly buy your book."

G. R.



K.L. Graves

The Juniors

andrews, edwin c. bayless, helen a. behan, mary f. benway, harold bradley, harriet brault, charles e. braw, anne t. brennan, michael brown, thomas m. brunell, blanche marie buckley, margaret elizabeth bulley, harmon m. bullis, ralph margetts caffrey, mary 1. charlebois, edna mae cogan, arthur t. columbe, venita conners, ruth elsie consaul, ruth elsie courter, ruth darragh, bernice a. dodds, edward b. ellis, mary k. engel, mary r. esmond, rosalie federman, bessie

Lyons, New York Yonkers, New York Plattsburgh, New York Plattsburgh, New York Amsterdam, New York Plattsburgh, New York Newburgh, New York Dannemora, New York Plattsburgh, New York Clayton, New York Plattsburgh, New York Plattsburgh, New York Plattsburgh, New York Clayton, New York Caldwell, New Jersey Cadyville, New York Plattsburgh, New York Ilion, New York Jamestown, New York Saratoga, New York Buffalo, New York

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finnigan, lula fitzpatrick, alban james flanigan, anna forrence, ellen french, mrs. clara gladd, lillian gold, rose goodale, addie mildred gram, eleanora gray, ruth w. hansa, marie b. harrington, irene holland, helen t. holland, katherine j. holland, margaret e. keith, ruth a. kelly, edith m. king, marguerite a. knapp, lola f. knickerbocker, arleeta c. lavigne, bernard e. libby, loretta f. locke, kenneth e. medonald, lucy w. mcgaulley, william j. mclaughlin, helen mallory, erma markham, mary maroney, ruth merritt, mildred may mock, leda m. naish, ruth nichols, eric northup, howard norton, angie o'connell, mary b. o'flynn, helena parsons, esther o. pfisterer, flora 1. purdy, helen renison, anna rice, dorothy irene ritchie, edith grace

Plattsburgh, New York Peru, New York Hudson Falls, New York Peru, New York Keene Valley, New York Lake Placid, New York Plattsburgh, New York West Chazy, New York Lancaster, New York Southampton, Long Island Mamoroneck, New York Peru, New York Moira, New York Moira, New York Plattsburgh, New York North Brookfield, New York Newburgh, New York Cambridge, New York Walton, New York Ithaca, New York Morrisonville, New York Plattsburgh, New York Plattsburgh, New York Walton, New York Plattsburgh, New York Southampton, Long Island Deposit, New York Salamanca, New York Salamanca, New York Cold Spring, New York Ft. Edward, New York Gloversville, New York Brainbridge, New York Ft. Ann, New York Camden, New York Plattsburgh, New York East Rochester, New York Dannemora, New York Hyde Park, New York Amsterdam, New York Watertown, New York Richland, New Jersey Plattsburgh, New York

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rockowitz, sara ryan, john d. shear, rosanna mary schenkel, edna schoonerman, orva j. scott, helen e. slater, margery stowell, hazel mary swanick, eleanor swinler, mary tracy, bernard volpert, fannie weaver, janet e. webster, martha weed, helen irene wladis, miriam zimmerman, martha e. zingisser, ruth o'connell, john quinlan, mary smith, mrs. teresa bradley, verne carpenter, wilma cook, gladys r. coulon, beatrice mary coulter, louise m. densmore, alice emma densmore, alida flora finnegan, lillian fyans, margaret v. hall, marion houghton, elizabeth harvey, kathleen hughes, kathleen c. huntley, gladys jones, grace e. joyce, agnes karl, mary grace kathan, helen c. kirby, gertrude e. lee, johanna c. letson, dorothea lucas edna

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Gloversville, New York Plattsburgh, New York Gloversville, New York East Hampton, New York Palmyra, New York Rochester, New York St. Huberts, New York Rochester, New York Ballston Spa, New York Ballston Spa, New York Rochester, New York Newman, New York Newman, New York Town Line, New York Waverly, New York Elmira, New York Rochester, New York Mamoroneck, New York Plattsburgh, New York Hoosick Falls, New York Lake Placid, New York Mooers, New York Mineville, New York Poughkeepsie, New York Redford, New York Salem, New York Plattsburgh, New York Plattsburgh, New York Bloomingdale, New York Ausable Forks, New York Plattsburgh, New York Indian Lake, New York West Chazy, New York Chazy, New York Ticonderoga, New York Ausable Forks, New York Ticonderoga, New York Gloversville, New York Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y. Plattsburgh, New York Ballston Spa, New York Mooers, New York Champlain, New York

mcdonald, clara a. mannigan, mae mehan, helena terry mulholland, gladys r. o'neil, rose otis, mary parsons, mildred alberta powers, agnes frances proulx, rena reardon, mary 1. reed, anna veronica ryan, alyce irene smalley, catherine a. smith, eleanor smith, hazel edna smith, elsie thurlow, delia jane turner, elizabeth arlie vaughn, kathryn r. wood, leola wood, margaret corrigan, gertrude dunnigan, mary hanlon, ursula labombard, alice learned, mrs. ruth c.

Ausable Forks, New York Harrisville, New York Plattsburgh, New York Witherbee, New York Harkness, New York St. Huberts, New York Plattsburgh, New York Cadyville, New York Tupper Lake, New York Glens Falls, New York Ft. Edward, New York Ausable Forks, New York Stowe, Vermont Plattsburgh, New York Crown Point, New York Plattsburgh, New York Schuyler Falls, New York Plattsburgh, New York Plattsburgh, New York Lake Placid, New York Newman, New York Dannemora, New York Plattsburgh, New York Dannemora, New York Plattsburgh, New York Plattsburgh, New York



Our jokes, perhaps, are somewhat stale,
The grammar not quite right,
Their humor sometimes hard to find,
Yet all will see the light,

Save such as with a modest blush Redden our Censor's cheek; Those will be canned without remorse! We know whereof we speak.

CAN YOU IMAGINE:

Dr. Pierson in dancing pumps?

Little Billie McGaulley wearing a Buster Brown collar and polka-dot bow?

Where those "what-nots" went to?

Mr. Shallies advertising hair tonic?

Daddy without the hope chest?

Dr. Kitchell in a dirty room?

That Ford Coupé without the awning?

Daddy (When the class is studying the muscular sense)—"Now, Miss Caffrey, what sense would tell you that you couldn't put your fist through the blackboard?" Mary (Hotly)—"Why, common sense, of course."

CAN'T BE WORKED

"No dodging the final!" she learns;
That prof gives just what one earns.

He's proof against vamping,
And don't mind girls stamping,
And screaming loud "Darns!" and big "Durns!"

To HILDA

She loves its gentle warble, She loves its gentle flow; She loves to wind her mouth up, She loves to hear it go.

Senior—"What would be the signficance of you standing on a ten-cent piece?" Junior—"I don't know." Senior—"Why, Woolworth's—nothing over ten cents."

WE WONDER WHY:
Miss Carroll's name isn't Algie (bra)?
Miss Ann (Drew) instead of Trac(y) ing?
Normal girls wear such long skirts? (Ask Shallies.)
Miss Garrity's name isn't Carol?

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Reply to the Seniors

September 14, 1921 marks the beginning of a new era in the history of the State Normal School at Plattsburgh. The largest entering class in the history of the school applied for admission. They were received with enthusiasm by the entire personnel of the faculty and the Senior class as well.

The instructors looked over the bright eyed, eager new students and breathed a sign of content. At last, they thought, we have for the first time in forty years, material to work with. Now we have an opportunity to exploit our pet theories, theories which we have spent a lifetime in seeking to perpetuate. We will inoculate these plastic minds with the serum of our pedagogics. In 1923 they will go forth into the field and revolutionize the education of the world.

And the Seniors, grave of eye, sweet in demeanor and retaining much of their bucolic nature surveyed the Juniors with awe and rapt admiration. These Senior boys and girls had left the quiet scenes of their pastoral life to return again to school. To learn, yes to learn what they could but as the solemn dignitaries of wisdom had explained to them the previous year, their capacity was limited. They were reconciled.

But the Gods of Fate had opened to them a new heaven. After all, they were to acquire knowledge, but knowledge of a different kind though equal in importance

With the coming of the Juniors they would have the privilege of associating with men and women of the world—the world of the soft voice, of that elusive manner and of repartee which is an art. An opportunity to know people who come from somewhere instead of nowhere, to talk with people who have been somewhere instead of nowhere.

Thus they considered and reached the conclusion that they would now be able to begin their teaching experience with an acquired poise—the poise of sophistication, and of the urban mein so desired by those who have been reared away from civilization.

They hoped and dreamed and the dream light played about their eyes as they carried on their imitation. The Senior girls hurried about endeavoring here and there to secure Junior girls for room-mates. For, said they to themselves, if we would be like them we must know them intimately. We must learn the mysteries of their toilette, so dear to the heart of woman, knowledge of which the world has denied us.

Time passes. Talk about evolution, transformation! Rather call it met-

amorphosis! The length of skirts changed, the manner of dressing the hair presented a difference. Those mysterious little things had worked wonders.

The Senior boys, a pathetic little group of beardless youths began looking upward. Chancing to look in a mirror they started drawing the steel across their faces, obliterating the soft down. What mattered it if occasionally they skipped a few straggling hairs; they were getting on. And their manliness increased as the creases in their trowsers became more evident.

But they didn't stop at personal changes. They even changed their class colors and secured a new banner. To break the precedent and make these changes, called for a sacrifice, but a sacrifice on the altar of the "Greater Cause." They must follow these new people at whatever the cost and follow them they did through the whole year.

And who will say that their efforts have been in vain? Gaze upon them now; as fine an *imitation* of the *real thing* does not exist upon God's footstool.

Class of '22, we the Class of '23 feel that a grave responsibility is ours. We have watched your development, often fearfully, knowing that we had established a criterion which you sought to emulate.

We do not want your gratitude. We realize our unique position and trust that you will continue the work which you have so nobly begun. Now that you are leaving us, our great desire is that you may go forth to conquer and we wish you Godspeed.

E. C. A.

Little drops of powder Little dabs of paint, Make our Mary Swinler, Really what she ain't!

- M. Wescott-"Katy Lucy's mind must be clean."
- G. Herwerth—"Why?"
- M. Wescott—"Because she changes it so often."

A BRIEF

of

THE PLATTSBURGH STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

- "Will you please stop talking while I'm taking the roll?"
- "Reasoning from particular to particular—John Brown puts tar on his fence posts, therefore I put tar on mine."
 - "What, for example?"
 - "Ho-o-o-o-old it."
 - "That book was due three minutes ago."
 - "What? I guess you'd better repeat that. What?"
 - "This is an intelligent looking drawing."

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The New Normal Hymnal

(New words for familiar tunes)

ESSAY

Tune-Juanita

Soft through the hallway,
Squeaking, dear Daddy comes,
And when we look upon him,
The air with essays hum.
In his hand an essay
The mistakes whereon he'll dwell
Their weary looks each day
The Seniors story tell.

Chorus

Essays, have you an essay? Please don't make me report you. Essays, I want your essays, Essay number two.

JAKIE

Tune-Robin Adair

What's this dull town to me, Jakie's not here, What was it I wished to see, just Jakie dear.

Chorus

Where's all joy and love
Gone with my turtle dove,
Oh, I miss thee, never fear,
My Jakie, dear.
What made the assembly shine, Jakie was there;
Why am I sad at any time, Jakie's nowhere.

He saw her, and within a month Fond hopes began to shoot; He swore to her his mighty love And strongly pressed his suit. No more his heart in joy doth feed On Love's uncertain fruit; 'Tis true that he to court doth go, But she doth press the suit! Brethren and Sisteren:

We kin learn more frum the mistakes of our fellermen and women then we kin learn frum experience.

Therefur my text fur this sermonette will be taken frum a sad experience of our unsophisticated colleagues, the juniors. My text, therefur is "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Oh, brethren and sisteren how true they found them words ter be. Never again will they store their colors in the cloakroom where the HIGH and MIGHTY SENIORS hang their exterior decorations—and before color day too. They that they must have made a misstep somewheres when their decorations cum up missin.

Then ter show they wuz of a suspicious turn of mind they went to Brother Shallies, their Faculty accomplice, en accused the Seniors. He, bein' as how he wuz as suspicions as them, kernered two perfectly innercent Seniors and tried to make them tell—and as they wasn't guilty they didn't no what he wanted 'em ter tell—so they didn't. Thet shows jest how impetuous them juniors is—never lookin whar they agoin.

Well the Seniors give 'em their colors afor they expired frum excitement. The idear they had done somethin' rong never penetrated their craniums, thets the way with sum classes of people nowledge jest dont' get in easy.

Well enyhow we hope this will be a lesson ter juniors in general en these in particular not ter be too careless with the signs of their class even if they do no they're hopeless colors. Cause not all Seniors have the welfare of the juniors at heart as did WE of '22.

10derly L. M. W.

Daddy again (yet)—"You say this essay is entirely the result of your own efforts?"

Ellis—"Absolutely, sir, I spent two days finding somebody who had it written up."

"Does this explain Lily's and Ruth's visits to the home of a member of the faculty?"

And now the latest invention is a camera that makes people prettier than they are. The inventor simply makes the lens flatter.

Juniors—Grassy, Sassy, Brassy. Seniors—Classy.

> De fire-fly am a brave little cuss, But he ain't got no mind; For he plunges through the univuss Wid his head-light on behind.

OUR FACULTY

Tune-Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms

Believe me if the Faculty only could see
How they looked during assembly to me
They'd turn very soon and start for back seats,
And take those too near the door.
Mr. Todd always will doze as at present he does,
Let Miss Garrity shout as she will,
And tho Miss O'Brien with each does her best,
Doc. Kitchell looks disgusted still.

Oh, still Mr. Shallies does hold down a chair And Miss Carroll gaze up in the air Mr. Taylor sits straight and looks very wise And Mr. Diebolt smooths down his hair. Dr. Henshaw looks ready from his chair to depart Behind Dr. Hawkins Miss Berwald we see Mr. Hudson appears ready to start And only Miss Andrews seems happy to me.

OUR TEXTBOOKS

Tune-The Old Oaken Bucket

How dear to our hearts are the Seniors' old textbooks, When to us Miss O'Brien presents them to view The thumb marks and notes on the margins No wonder their lessons they knew.

Chorus

The Seniors' old textbooks, the Seniors' old textbooks
They such wonders of wisdom unfold.
First they were Jakie's then they were Jennie's
Now they are mine, tho tattered and old.
The Seniors' old textbooks, the Seniors' old textbooks,
The Seniors' old textbooks we reverently hold.

There are meters of ice,

There are meters of stone,
But the best meter of all
Is to meet'er alone.
'ou did?

the juniors

Tune-The Harp That Once Thru Tara's Halls

The banner that once thru Normal halls The juniors' glory shed Now hangs as mute on Normal walls As though that class were dead. So sleeps their pride of color day Now that the thrill is o'er. "Step light!" you'll hear a Senior say, "Disturb their rest no more." No more they'll flaunt it in the light As pride within them wells. Just now it shows up best at night As their sad tale it tells. Thus this class so seldom wakes The only sign it gives Is at the test some Senior makes To see if it still lives.

BEAT IT FOR DINNER

I shot down the slide,
On that ill-fated ride,
And landed somewhere—somehow;
But my stems were so brittle,
I can't rush to revictual
As spry as I need to just now.

'Tis a ravenous horde
Of Normals who board
Where I go for dinner, you see;
And before I can get there
Every platter is "et" bare,
And not a scrap left of Poor Me.

GRAN'MA AND EDDIE

When Gran'ma allows him to go,
Without rubbers, home through the snow,
Or with little hands bare,
Does Grandmother care
As she ought for Eddie? Ah, no!

Junior Class Poem

Tell us not in mournful numbers Normal life is but a dream For tho' Normal girls work hardest Normal is not what it seems.

Now the Senior girls are leaving Set to cross life's threshold o'er They will do a nobler duty Than they've ever done before.

They're prepared to take their classes And their pupils as they come For a teacher's work is heavenly And God's work will be done.

You can't tell, they may have charge of Future Lincolns, it's a rule Theodore Roosevelt gained knowledge In a little country school.

So, dear Seniors, take this memory We beseech you humbly to, Tho, we've had our quarrels and fancies Our best wishes go with you.

And we say "here's to the Seniors Memories of them fond and true Recollections of our schooldays With the Class of '22."

L' Envoi:

Lives of students all remind us That in every town you'll find Glimpses of our dear old Plattsburgh And the school you've left behind.

NOT MIDVEAR

Downtown Stude—"I hear that your dance was a success." Tommy—"Oh! roughly speaking."

Miss Garrity—"I don't believe one of you boys know a thing about music. Mr. Wright, do you know anything about it?"

Homer—"Why, Miss Garrity, I know every bar between here and Canada."

KATIE AND ED.

Two hearts that yearn For love's sweet pris'n, Where his is her'n And her'n is his'n.

The millennium will come—

When Flora Conway gets to school on time.

When Helen Meade gets a speck on her dress.

When Lily Carlin stops wearing out the threshold on the Clinton Theatre.

When Gert Frazier isn't dressed up.

When Hildegarde ceases laughing.

When Lucille Lawrence stops skipping classes.

When Miss Federman stops airing her views.

When Gen Ruby grows up.

When Mabel Clodjo needs a tonic.

When the Triumvirate stops working (Provost, Gordon, McQuillan).

Sport—"I feel like thirty cents."

Mulv—"My! how things have gone up since the war."

Doc. Pierson-"This is no good excuse, Miss Jenkins."

Betty-"Oh! it must be-it's never been used before."

Smarty—"Why is Beulah like an electric bulb?"

Dully—"I give up."

Smarty—"Because she doesn't shine unless her switch is on."

Pat-"Your dancing is like a poem."

Bill-"Yes, one of Amy Lowell's-the feet are all mixed up."

THIS IS FOR THE JUNIOR GIRLS ONLY:

"We knew you'd look, Boys."

Junior Class Songs

How dear to our hearts are the scenes of their miseries. The scenes where their battles were once fought and won Oh Seniors! we realize how you will leave us. To finish the work you have only begun.

You need never worry of outcome of Logic Don't burden your brain with Accounting at last And for Mr. Thompson have no fear dear Seniors We'll look after him we're the Old Junior Class.

You'll have to admit that your colors were taken You all are so slow 'neath your feet grows the grass So give three times three for your Leaders the Juniors And then sit and gaze at this bright Junior Class.

We do a little bit of studying We do a little bit of jazz
We do a little bit of bluffing
And we get our share of razz
We do a little bit of dreaming
As we listen to Prof's gas
But you bet the Seniors copy us
We're a Model Class,

Sweet Young Things—"Oh, is that a mustache? We can scarcely see it." Eric—"Why, you see, my breath bleached it, my dears."

LAMENT

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su
And an E and a Y and E spell I,
Pray what is a Junior to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an HED spell side,
There's nothing much for a Junior to do
But go commit SIOUXEYESIGHED.

You Can't Tell A Junior

"Twenty-seven flunked," the Senior said.

Said the Junior with a wail

"I thought that test would finish me
I knew that I should fail."

"Twenty-seven flunked," the Senior said.
Said the Junior, "Say no more
I knew the only way I'd pass
Was right out through the door."

"Did you hear who passed?"

The Junior then did say.

"I'll warrant between us two,

There are some blue Juniors today."

"I do not know," the Senior said,

"And as I said before,

Twenty-seven flunked"—"Yes, I know,"

Said the Junior, "say no more."

"Oh, I suppose I was one,"
Said the Junior with a sigh,
"When I think how hard I've worked
It almost makes me cry."

"But never mind for I'll know
How I worked anyway you see
That I flunked is not my fault,
I'm sure you will agree."

"I cannot tell," the Senior said,

"And to go on, my dear,

Twenty-seven flunked the test

That we took last year."

Then the Junior said never a word,
But fled in great dismay.
And now she always waits to hear
ALL the Senior has to say.

L. M. W., '22.

K. Locke—"Do you know it's a scientific fact that the husbands of red headed women are liable to become blind?"

Tracy (seeing Lil Finnegan pass through the hall)—"And that's not the half of it—I've known several to become lame and bald."

Daddy (in History of Ed.)—"Now, young people, when you are exercising with Indian clubs and dumbbells—now, remember, I'm not referring to your dancing."

To Marion Hall

"Don't muss my hair," she used to cry
As we'd sit in the parlor.
But since she's had it bobbed off short
There is no cause to holler.

Junior—I bought a wooden whistle and it wood'n whistle, then I bought a tin whistle and now I tin whistle.

M. Dunnigan-"Why do you have those clocks on your stockings?"

M. Otis-"Why, to see how fast the seams run."

Mr. Shallies—"This is the third time you have been late to class. Don't you know you cannot stay the flight of time?"

Flora—"Oh, I don't know. I just stopped a couple of minutes on the stairs."

Tommy—"I wouldn't let Doc. Pierson know about any of your informal gatherings, girls—she might want to lance them."

Miss Garrity—"I know a college down in Virginia whose students would give twenty thousand dollars to hear you sing."

R. Braw-"What sort of place is it?"

Miss Garrity—"It's a school for the deaf and dumb."

HEARD IN THE ACCOUNTING ROOM-

Did you know that you should never kiss a girl on the forehead, because you might get a bang in the mouth.

WHAT SOME JUNIORS NEED

That mischievous Mary Behan—
Had better behave, and sit straighter;
For she's not too big yet
A good whipping to get,
And that's what we fear may await her.

Page one hundred and two

Pat—"Every one of my beaux is named Billy."
Spud—"Gee, you're a regular bill collector, aren't you?"

If Harold should try to eat a whole pie
At one gulp, do you think he could do it?
He has storage inside, but one's mouth must be wide,
For a very large pie to slip through it.

Mr. Todd, to the pupil taking the attendance in advanced Gregg—"Miss Ellis and Mr. Graves are excused."

Gene—"Can't you give me any proof that you really love me and want to marry me?"

Helen—"Well, I found out that my engagement ring was cut glass, and haven't said anything about it."

MARTIN'S LAMENT

In the gloaming, oh my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powder painted
How am I, sweetheart, to know?
Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaner's—won't you darling
Love me more and powder less?

BEFORE THE JUNIOR PROM

Dear Folks:

Please send me \$10 for several new books and my contribution to the Louvain Fund.

Hastily,

SON.

Dear Son:

Here is the ten. Hereafter please let me know the expenses at least two weeks before the dance.

Financially,

FATHER.

Little Innocent—"Mr. Shallies, what do you use that red pencil for?" Mr. Shallies (who is correcting The Jokes)—"Well, to make a long story short, it's to make a long story short."

Page one hundred and three

Junior Class History

"It's the way you shoot—not the way you shout, that counts."

-Theodore Roosevelt.

In the month of September, 1921, the class of 1923 saw itself for the first time, as a collection of individuals—a mob rather than a class. How this peculiar aggregation of giggling, jostling, chattering school children was formed into that word known as "class" is too lengthy an undertaking for the class historian at this time. Suffice it to say, that, by the process of elimination by addition, subtraction, multiplication and division and other various methods, the Juniors have been sobered until today, the class of nineteen twenty-three of the Plattsburgh State Normal School stands as a model representative of all that a class should be as to loyalty, class spirit and high ideals.

It is with sadness that we record the death of one well-beloved member of the Junior class, Helen Elizabeth Connell, whose sudden and untimely death has cast a somber shadow over the otherwise delightful recollections of our Junior days.

The class of 1923 has every reason to be proud of its achievements. At dancing, our girls were besieged by ardent admirers for they possessed both grace and diplomacy. In sports, too, our skill was recognized, and we were well represented on all teams, including basketball, baseball, tennis, cheering, giggling and gossiping.

On color day the Juniors held their own and at the dance on the same evening managed to quiet what might have become a riot among certain members of both classes who were present. On "Senior" song day, the Junior class derived prestige among the faculty and admiration among the Seniors by appearing before the school with a well-rehearsed song. The upperclassmen were also grateful for the aid given them by the Juniors in providing them with a class yell.

And so, devoted to the path of duty, and obeying the commands of superiors in a gay and cheerful manner, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-three has gained a name for itself, both among the upperclassmen as well as the faculty. And while the symbol of this class is the snowball, representing purity and truthfulness, our efforts will always be described as being

Good, better, best— And we'll never let it rest Until our good is better; And our better—best!

CLASS HISTORIAN.

Page one hundred and four

AT THE CLUB

Knapp—"Sweets to the sweet."

Markham—"Oh, thank you; may I pass you the nuts?"

Murphy—"What were you doing the day after initiation?" Lil. Finnegan—"Oh, scraping up an acquaintance."

HEARD BETWEEN ACTS OF "MARRYING MARY"

K. Burgevin (coming off after the first chorus)—"Girls!! my face is running away!"

R. Braw (in the act of changing for the next act sees the janitor approaching)—"GET OUT!"

M. Wert (coming in after being made up)—"What would Dr. Hawkins say if he could see us now?"

Miss Garrity—"My I just got stuck on a pin."

K. Burgevin—"Miss Garrity, did you get stuck on me?"

FLIPPER MEETS FLAPPER

A flipper met a flapper
A flapping down the street,
The flapper's boots were open
And flapping round her feet.
The flapper's hair was flitting
And flying in the air;
They eyed each other furtively,
And finally, with a flare,
They flipped their fins together,
And flapped away—some pair!

CUPID'S CUISINE

Souffle—A frothy sweet light as nothing compound of soft words and honeyed kisses mixed by moonlight and served by twos.

Goulash—An old fusser's dish composed of remnants of various love affairs, warmed up and served with a sauce of "Just-as-young-as-I-used-to-be." Doughnut—A flirtation with nothing in it.

They had not met be-4, What had she 2-care? She loved him 10-derly, For he was a 1,000,000-aire.

SILLY LITTLE JUNIORS

(With all due apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

Once there was a Junior who went to singin' hall,
She thought they couldn't see her 'cause she was so very small;
She read her Shorthand lesson, she studied—yes she did—
She talked right through the singin',
Though she knew it was forbid;
An' fussed around an' everythin', an' always growin' bolder,
'Til once while she was readin', someone grabbed her by the shoulder
An' snatched away those papers 'fore she knowed what she's about,
An'

Ma

Garrity

'11

get

YOU

ef

you

don't

watch

out!

Now, when you get to singin' and the services begin
An' everythin' is quiet and Ma Garrity starts in,
You think that no one's lookin' and you've got your Shorthand near,
The Ray rules look excitin' and the lesson's not quite clear
You'd better look behind you first and quit your talkin' too,
An' do the things your teacher says an' what you ought to do
An' never try to whisper to the fellows all about,
Or

Ma

Garrity

'11

get

YOU

ef

you

don't

watch

out!

R. G.

Page one hundred and six

AT THE CLUB

"Who's our best liked member?"
"Why, of course, it's B.
No one leaves, when absent,
Such a gap as she."

Bertha Davison (teaching physical training)—"Arms sideward, fling at two, and jump on one."

Bright Light—"Which one, teacher?"

Helen Williams—"I don't see how you get 85% in History, Coolidge, when I only got 75. I've got twice as many brains as you have."

Helen Coolidge-"Well, maybe you have but I use what I've got, anyway."

THE PROFESSIONAL PHOTO She has to doll up, seems to me,

Mr. Todd (dictating)—"Mighty"—"Why, Miss Shear, what have you on there?"

Rosanna—"Nighty, Mr. Todd."

Lily (in History of Ed.)—"Why, Dr. Henshaw, they did too have schools in the Dark Ages."

Daddy—"They did?" Lily—"Oh, yes, they had Knight schools."

Dr. Pierson—"Miss Proulx, I'd like to see you apart for a moment." Rena—"How dare you?"

Eric—"What is your father doing now?"
Mike—"Working my way through Normal."

Mr. Shallies-"Now if Miss Croll will please assist me on the piano."

Landlady—"What part of the chicken do you wish?" Mulvey—"Some of the meat, please."

To FLORENCE

Just why her head is in a whirl
I understand at last;
The henna red that dyes her curl,
Is guaranteed as fast.

Page one hundred and seven

For the sitting, bewilderingly;
'Cause, perhaps, it may strike her,
That the less it looks like her,
The better the picture will be.

Some "Howlers" From Our Spring Crop

"Universities originated in Athens about 1200 B. C."

"The prevailing language among the Spartans was Latin."

"In the Athenian Music School boys were taught the reading of the Bible."

"Aristotle had a wide knowledge of Latin."

"Humanism gradually grew into 'Ciceronianism.' Those who took it up taught their pupils to imitate Cicero's handwriting."

"Comenius was born in Arabia."

"By the aid of the pictures in the 'Orbis Pictus' a trade was sometimes learned."

"Academies originated in America in the 17th and 18th centuries; students would assemble and obtain a charter from the pope."

"Bacon experimented in refrigeration. He never really accomplished anything in that line, but he started others thinking."

"Either specie or bouillon is received in payment of the balance." (If the classmate who perpetrated that does not mend his spelling, he will soon find himself "in the soup" professionally.)

We could name two high school graduates, who have been known to pervert "whose" and "those" into "whoes" and "thoes." We suggest the addition of these words to the Ayres spelling list.

JUNK

I know of a car that's a peach of its kind;
You'd have to look far its equal to find,
Why, even the steering-gear cannot be trusted,
And as for the brakes, they are generally busted.
But it isn't as bad as a stranger might judge,
For except on low-speed, you can't make the thing budge.

Don't you know some young man who resembles this car? He runs on low-speed with rattle and jar.

The engine—his mouth—is under the dash,
Air-cooled by ten bristles he calls his mustache;
A noiser old mill I defy you to find
And it's got a self-starter you don't have to wind!

BOOKS OF FICTION

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"Under Fire"

"To Have and To Hold"
"Pebbles on the Shore"

"Current History"

"Innocence Abroad"
"Winter Sunshine"

"House of Whispers"

"Weaver of Dreams"

"Motor Girls"

"The Crisis"

"Twice Told Tales"

"A Person of Some Importance"

"The Harvester"

"Prisoners of Hope"

"Les Miserables"

Graduation

Finals
Diplomas

Juniors

School Gossip

Juniors during Initiation

Christmas Vacation

The Staff

Janet Weaver

Lu Lawrence and M. Landry

Finals
Excuses
H. Ellis

Ed. Andrews

Juniors before Finals Juniors after Finals

Gold—"Gee, that's good candy. Where did you get it?" Flanagan—"Oh, I just picked it up on the floor." Gold—"Woof--&&!!!???\$% !! & !"

Thelma, be healthy, I pray thee,
Healthy and buxom and fair;
Fell like a Mellin's Food baby,
But hark to my pocketbook's prayer.

Thelma, feel fine, understand you,
Dance like Salome tonight;
Do all that a well baby can do,
But leave home that big appetite.

I WONDER HOW THEY WOULD LIKE!

Dr. Henshaw saying, "No more essays?"
Miss Berwald chewing gum?
Eleanor Tubbs if she never flunked an exam?
The Juniors with a class song?
Helen Purdy with her mouth closed?
Mr. Thompson with a frown?
Mary Ellis looking cross?
Angie Norton without her coat and furs?

Ed. (when asked what makes him late for class)—"Well, you see I was crossing the campus, and the wind was blowing like everything, and I stopped to look—"

Another Ed.—"Don't blame you. I looked too."

Landlady—"Milk or water?"

R. Consaul—"Oh, don't tell me. Let me guess."

Not long ago
I met a
Cow-eyed
Pug-nosed
Freckled-faced
Bow-legged
Junior
She showed me
Her hope chest.
Believe me
She is
An optimist.

"May I hold your Palm Olive?"
"Not on your Life Buoy."

Dr. Kitchell—"You'd better lengthen those skirts, Eleanor." Swanick—"Why?"

Dr. Kitchell—"Well, gentlemen are apt to mistake you for a little girl and take you on their laps."

Swanick—"We-1-1?"



Autographs

Pase one hundred and eleven





Junior Class Officers

Edwin Andrews	President
ELEANOR SMITH	Vice-President
Edward Dodds	
LILLIAN FINNEGAN	
CLASS FLOWER	CLASS COLORS
SNOW-BALLS (Rough stuff)	BLUE AND SHIVER

CLASS MOTTO

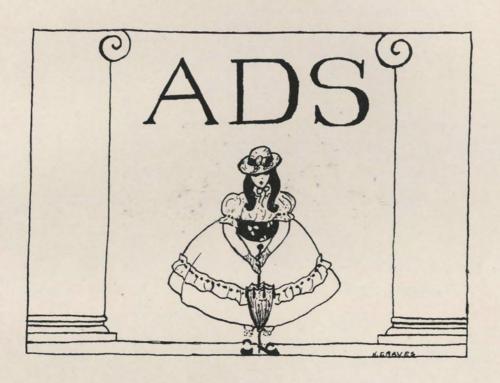
It's the Way You Shoot, Not the Way You Shout That Counts.

CLASS YELL

23—23—23 Who are we? Class of 1923 Class of class of ability Sis—Boom—See Nineteen Hundred Twenty-three.

Page one hundred and thirteen





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